BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE.

A simple system of instalment payments enables you to purchase your own Freehold House with the money you now pay to a Landlord.

Full particulars free from D.B.J.B.

CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.

6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!—*COLLECTING "J. B." PEN COUPONS.* *See Page 18.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 669. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

BABY LIKES THE **Tripp Folding Baby Car** Price from 60/-

Of all Pram Dealers, Stores, &c.

It folds so small it can be stored in any corner. Strong, comfortable, handsome, and easy to manipulate. Gives all the luxury of an expensive bassinette. Write for Booklet, "Happy Hours with Baby."

Brown Bros. Ltd., Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C.2.

Resting, but Watchful!

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

WHO SAID RATS?

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

Don't confuse the original and only IDEAL MILK with the many brands of American evaporated milks which appeared on the market during Goverment Control.

IDEAL MILK

contains in Cream at least one-sixth more than the U.S.A. standard demands for "Evaporated Milks." Appearances are deceptive to the casual purchaser. Therefore beware of inferior imitations offered in larger tins, and insist always on **IDEAL MILK**, packed by Nestlé's in 12-oz. net tins and sold everywhere at

Cash Price **11D** Per Tin

If unobtainable locally, please send the name of your Grocer and a postcard to

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MENTAL EFFICIENCY.

Efficiency—Mental Efficiency—is no meaningless catch-phrase. It is the slogan of success in life to-day. Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, Efficiency Clubs everywhere, are taking up the investigation and study of the subject all over the world. Governmental Departments are disseminating information in regard to it.

But the foundation of national efficiency rests upon the efficiency of the individual. No matter in which direction you turn, truly efficient men and women are getting the most out of life, for they have learned to develop and expand their capacities for work and play to the utmost. This hustling, work-a-day world holds no rich prizes for those who do not organise and develop their mental resources so as to make the most of what nature has endowed them with.

The average man is not worth much more than a dollar a day from his shoulders down; but from his shoulders up, there is no limit to his value.

If you would make money in business—you must be efficient. If you would rise to a high place in any profession—you must be efficient. If you would win power and influence in public life—you must be efficient. If your occupation is smothering your ambitions and hopes—learn the principles of efficiency. This knowledge will bring you advancement, increased salary, more leisure to do the big things of life.

Here are ten new books which lay bare the secrets of efficient, triumphant manhood in plain easily understood language:—

POISE: How to Attain It.
TIMIDITY: How to Overcome It.
COMMON SENSE: How to Exercise It.
OPPORTUNITIES: How to Make the Most of Them.
CHARACTER: How to Strengthen It.
INFLUENCE: How to Exert It.
PRACTICALITY: How to Acquire It.
PERSEVERANCE: How to Develop It.
SPEECH: How to Use It Effectively.
PERSONALITY: How to Build It.

Master the principles of these books and you will become master of yourself, and can mould men and circumstances to your will.

Sign your name to the Form and get it into the post to-day. Do not send any money with it.

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Please send me on approval for three days, carriage paid and entirely at your own risk, a set of the MENTAL EFFICIENCY BOOKS. If approved, I will send 5s. within eight days, and 5s. per month thereafter till the full purchase of 30s. is paid. If I do not want the books, after inspection, I will return within three days of receipt.

Name.....

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J.B.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO SHAVE.
GREAT VICTORY
OVER THE OLD METHOD—BRUSHES, SOAP, HOT WATER NOT REQUIRED.

2/- Per Jar (Post free.) 2/- Per Jar (Post free)

An antiseptic Cream—NOT a Soap.
After washing the face, apply a small quantity of Shavo to the beard and rub in with finger-tips for 10 Seconds, then shave. The jar contains sufficient for 70-90 shaves.
PREVENTS ALL IRRITATION.
Sold by all leading Stores and Chemists or sent post free on receipt of 2/- P.O. to
THE SHAVO CO.,
266-268, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.1.

"IT, TOO, DID ITS BIT IN FRANCE"

Manufactured by

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., W.C.2

Paris: 26, Rue Bergère.

Health Wrecked by Influenza.

Wonderful Restorative Effects of Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mr. G. A. Parmenter, of 24, Bromley Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17, says: "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me more good than all the medicine I ever had. My illness followed a severe attack of 'Flu.' It came on one Saturday in the train as I was returning from business, and how I got home I simply don't know. Until the following Tuesday I knew nothing. All that time I was fevered, and rambling in my talk. When I did become conscious I was in great pain. My head seemed like to split, and the pain in my joints was intense. Of course we had medical advice and medicine, but no benefit resulted, and I was confined to bed with seemingly little hope of getting out of it. I had been in this condition a fortnight when I was advised to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and am truly thankful I did. What I had spent pounds trying to accomplish these wonderful Tablets did for me at the cost of a few shillings. Very soon I felt better for them, and when I had finished one box the terrible pain was gone from my head, and I was feeling stronger and brighter altogether. I continued, and soon was back at business quite cured. At the present time I feel in excellent health."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

PRICES

1/3 & 3/-. The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world.

Refuse Substitutes.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
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Indigestion
Wasting Diseases
Palpitation
Vital Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Corrects Bunions

by straightening the crooked big toe and restoring the normal position of the joint.

DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX

is comfortable to wear, being made of fine flexible rubber, and having correct anatomical action. Large, Medium and Small Sizes. Price 1s. 6d. each.

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FREE BOOK OF AMAZING BARGAINS

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5 Handsome Diamonds Gold setting 25/-

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Fine large lustrous Diamond £8

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Stains? Forget them!

Stained linen can easily be restored to snow-white purity. Apply a touch of Movol to the stain, and in a few minutes the stain disappears before your eyes.

MOVOL
STAIN REMOVER

Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, &c.

The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- and 6d. tubes. If unable to obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube, to

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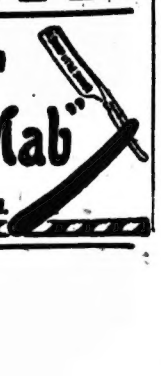
Always keen

The light, short blade of finest steel takes and *holds* a keen lasting edge.

Black 4/6 'MAB' Ivory 6/-
20 years' reputation for quality
Of all good Ironmongers and Stores.
'MAB' CO., 73 Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.



CUT OUT THE "JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON on page 18.

JOHN BULL

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."
—*Milton.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."—*Pope.*

Vol. XXVI. No. 689. **Week ending Saturday, August 16th, 1919.** **Twopence**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Asquith.

There was, of course, no foundation for the rumour that the ex-Premier would stand for Pontefract. We do not think this Parliament, at any rate, will see him back at Westminster.

The Premier's Honour.

Hearty congratulations to the Prime Minister on his O.M.—if he likes it. Some day, let us hope, he will be G.O.M.

Thanks.

By all means, our best thanks to Haig and Beatty, and the rest of the gallant heroes of the war—but, somehow or other, the present time doesn't seem quite opportune for big money grants, especially to rich men. It was only the other day that Sir Douglas was pleading for the underpaid officers.

The Poet Laureate.

Not the least embarrassing part of the Nemesis which our recent question and suggestion has brought upon us is the avalanch of Peace Odes which has been showered down by poets of both sexes, who consider themselves specially ordained for the Laureateship. Oh, those Odes!

Our Mistake.

It appears, however, that we have all been unfair to Dr. Robert Bridges. He *did* write a war poem—shortly after the signing of the Armistice; and on another page you will find it. Sit back and hold tight!

Send for the Porter.

By the way, many of our readers suggest that the Government should send for the railway porter whose verses, entitled "The Day," created such a sensation a year or so ago.

The Kaiser's Trial.

So the Kaiser *is* to be tried in London. We shall, in this instance, adopt the Asquithian doctrine—and wait and see.

Rats and Mice.

Of course, the outstanding joke in the House of Commons in connection with the Government's Rats and Mice Bill is the suggestion of an amendment applying it to the extermination of the Party rats who have on more than one occasion run across the floor of the House.

Our Peace Portfolio.

As we anticipated would be the case, this wonderful eighteenpenny-worth — containing splendid photogravure portraits of the Big Four and a variety of other interesting war souvenirs —is going like hot cakes. Have you secured a copy yet?

Who will Hang?

Scandalous, disgraceful—gross misconduct and fraud. Quite so; that is what we all say over the revelations of waste and jobbery in the Air Ministry. But will anyone be a penny the worse?

"We Did It."

That is the motto on the button worn by the Yanks at home. They are even claiming credit for Vimy Ridge! Swank!

"Will John Bull Go Bankrupt?"

Such is the question asked by our contemporary, the *Evening Standard*. In reply, we beg to refer our hon. friend to our forthcoming Balance Sheet.

"John Bull's" Victory Souvenirs.

"DEUTSCHLAND" TROPHIES NOW IN PREPARATION—VESSEL ON WAY TO THAMES FOR EXHIBITION.

In our next issue we hope to give the date and place of the first public exhibition of Germany's undersea monster, designed for the destruction of the British fleet—the famous super-submarine, the "Deutschland"—recently, as we have already announced, acquired from the Admiralty by the proprietors of this journal. At the same time we shall give particulars of various interesting Victory Souvenirs which we are arranging to have manufactured from portions of the metal in the vessel, and every one of which will bear our guarantee of genuineness.

Both in regard to visiting the ship and the purchase of the souvenirs, readers of this journal will be afforded special advantages.

A Real Leader.

What a pity it is there are not more leaders of Labour like good old Ben Tillett! Asked if he did not think the ex-Kaiser should be removed from Europe, Ben had an amendment to move: "My reply," he said, "is wholly in the affirmative, but I would go further and delete the word 'Europe,' substituting 'the earth.'" Bravo, Ben!

Canteen Profiteering.

Some of the boys in the Army of the Rhine tell us that whilst they are urged not to trade with Germany, they are being charged 2½ marks for a pair of boot laces which they know, as a fact, are supplied to their Canteen at 1 mark. This is the sort of thing that makes Tommy irritable.

The Church.

By degrees Parliament is relieving itself of responsibility for matters ecclesiastical. The Welsh Church has, for all practical purposes, been freed from political control, and the Enabling Bill now before the House of Lords will go a long way in the same direction with the Church of England.

The Parliament Act.

By the way, isn't it a strange reflection upon that wonderful Parliament Act, which was designed in order that "the will of the people shall prevail," that the only two measures so far passed under its provisions—Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment have had to be suspended, and amended?

General Townshend.

Why was the Hero of Kut absent from the Peace procession, and why is his name not in the Honours and Rewards List? That is the question being asked us by a large number of readers.

Colonial Marriage Law.

We understand that in British Guiana a law has recently been passed legalising marriage between a widow and her deceased husband's brother. Other portions of the Empire, please copy.

Caroline Hanemann—

So this good lady is not to be deported. It appears she is in attendance upon an invalid—there being, presumably, no English nurses about! And why she was ever denaturalised the dear Home Secretary hasn't the remotest notion! *What* a game it is!

And Von Bissing.

So this dear brother Hun is now recuperating with his family at Felixstowe! He ought really to be where his late half brother, who wa responsible for the shooting of Nurse Cavell, now is!

Our Bolshy Friends.

Just for purpose of reference, it may be as well formally to record the real names of the Bolshevist Russian leaders, some of whom, it is suspected, are behind the Labour unrest over here which is so imperilling the peace:—Trotsky, real name Bronstein; Zinovieff, real name Apfelbaum; Kamenev, real name Rosenfeldt; Radek, real name Sobelson; Yoffe; Steklov, real name Nakhamkes; Sokolnikov, real name Brillant; Posern; Unshlikht; Grinberg; Skripnik; Litvinov, real name Finkelstein. A pretty kettle of fish——!

Local Limerick.

[*Harold Osborne, bootmaker, of Acton, charged with keeping a betting-house, was fined £50. The police stopped a boy leaving the shop with a boot containing nine betting slips.*]

There was a bootmaker of Acton,
His soles to the uppers he tacked on;
But, alas! he was fined,
For one boot was lined
With slips that the punters had backed on!

Woolwich and Work.

While men in hundreds are still being discharged from Woolwich Arsenal, the women are retained in every variety of position. The result may be contemplated any morning at the Labour Exchange. There are crowds of applicants, but little or nothing is doing in the way of employment. One of the many inquires, woefully, "Does anybody ever get a job through these Exchanges?" They are not the strongest of reeds to rely upon.

Cornering a "Conchy."

Our congrats. and comps. to the entire staff at Brough Station, North-Eastern Railway. They heard that a Conscientious Objector was to resume duty—so they sent a letter, signed by every man-jack of them, to the Superintendent of the line, saying, politely but firmly, that they refused to work with the "Object." By the Friday night they got a wire stating that the Conchy was not returning "until further notice." So they are still a happy, uncontaminated little crowd at Brough Station.

An Irish Invasion.

Trouble is brewing in the shipyards of Greenock because of the continued and overwhelming influx of Irish labourers. These men seem to secure work with remarkable ease, while Greenock men who have served and are demobilised remain in the unemployed market. Feeling is bitter that those who kept out of Scotland during the war should now invade the country and take work at, it is suggested, rates lower than the proper scale. There is certainly something radically wrong when a good Scotsman who has served is thrust aside in his native town.

The Unfit Bench.

One horse, in the shafts, was lame in both hind legs; they brushed together as it walked, and there was a deep wound on each fetlock. The other horse, a grey gelding, in the traces, had an inch-deep puncture in the sole of the foot. A blacksmith who had dressed the wound and lightly re-shod the unfortunate gelding, said it was not fit for work, and the defendant, John Jordan, knew it. Yet the Cromer Bench fined him only £1 and £1 14s. costs for taking the pair out with a load of granite. Somebody ought to be fined for working the Bench when in an unfit condition.

The Street of Great Adventure.

There is a street in Smethwick, Birmingham, whose name deserves to be known wherever the tale of the Great War is told. Its name is Cross Street. It contains 149 inhabited houses, and it gave 149 men to the service of the country. Twenty-one of the Cross Street boys paid the great account. And now the memory of the heroes is being kept in a way worthy of the street. A tablet has been designed by a Cross-streeter, it has been modelled and cast in the street, and the whole scheme has been worked out by a committee of the men-folk of the street. Yes, Cross Street, we are proud of you, and proud of your pride in yourself and your country.

A Picnic.

A correspondent suggests that, though there is something to be said against the Liverpool Corporation and their ways (such as their proposed trip to the U.S.A. to study the trams, which are not as good as ours), they have at least sacked all the girls employed on their cars to make room for the demobbed. We suggested that they should take the demobbed with them on their picnic.

West-End Waiters.

One of the dailies says that waiters have had the time of their lives since the Germans and Austrians quitted, and it says one waiter in a Piccadilly hotel earns £1,000 a year, while it is "not unusual" for others to receive £600. We should be glad to think British waiters were getting such sums, but we have our doubts. There are still far too many aliens, neutral and otherwise, in the West-end hotels, and. if that thousand-a-year waiter really exists, we wager his name is neither Smith nor Brown.

CAROLINE HANEMANN AND VON BISSING.
See page 6.

Tommy and Jane.

Somebody at Chislehurst issues a quaint advertisement. He—or, probably, she—wishes to engage a demobilised man to "take the place of house-parlourmaid; wages, £1 a week, all found." Some man with a taste for domestic duties might care to try it as a stop-gap. But will the ex-Tommy be required to wear a cap?

"Cannie Geordie."

The quality of canniness possessed by Geordie of the Tyne is usually something to admire. But not when he exercises it at the expense of his own kind. Consider this advert. from a Newcastle paper:—"To let: 3 Unfurnished rooms and bathroom; near Elswick Works; 34s. weekly." Of course the address is hidden by a box-number, but the outrageous attempt to profiteer at the expense of a workman is palpable. £88 a year for three empty rooms! It is perhaps more than three times the rent of the entire house.

Pensioned Penury.

A Colwyn Bay reader advances the amiable suggestion that "in every country there should be a lethal chamber to dispose of people before they reach the age of 70, rather than leave them to semi-starvation on 7s. 6d. a week." An octogenarian himself, our friend's object of course is to direct attention to the appalling hardships suffered by Old Age Pensioners, whose position grows worse instead of better as time goes on. A tithe of the money Government Departments are wasting would make all the difference to the aged poor.

"Trade Union Tactics."

Our recent exposure of the tactics adopted by the Painters' Union as regards non-union but ex-Service labour at Richborough Port, has evoked numerous letters expressive of disgust of such methods from members of the Painters' Union throughout the country. One such protests against so many men—some of them even "Cuthberts"—who have never served apprenticeship to the trade, and have often no more idea of it than a child, being admitted to membership, while ex-soldiers are being refused. Such a dog-in-the-manger policy is a disgrace to Trade Unionism.

Rats!

The Beds. County Council could not afford to stand their special constables a dinner—not even a bun—in recognition of their five years' services. But they are giving £300 as a war bonus to their Clerk of the Peace, and £350 to Captain Davis as "Organiser of Rat-catching"! We should think the Council wants "bedding" out.

"Up in the Lighthouse Tower."

Readers will be pleased to note that our late exposure of the grievances under which, in very many cases, the lighthouse keeper suffers, has begun to bear fruit. A few weeks ago the three Lighthouse Boards held an inquiry at Trinity House. After a patient and courteous hearing, the combined Board promised reforms, and we shall now wait with interest to see what shape the promised improvements are given.

A Colonial Scandal.

While the political experts are arguing as to the future government of Rhodesia, it appears that British subjects in that spacious colony are dying for want of simple medical attention—owing partly to the scarcity of doctors, and partly to the faulty organisation of the Rhodesian Medical Service. It is about time the Colonial Office and the Union Government put their heads together to remedy this appalling state of affairs, and called expert counsel to their aid.

Superannuation Money.

Numbers of persons, in comparatively lowly positions under public bodies, pay small sums every week as contributions towards their own pensions. In very many cases, the payee passes away before the pension materialises, and all his payments are promptly confiscated by the fund. Especially in the case of humbler employees, we think the superannuation fund should return the subscriptions of the deceased to his next of kin. An extraordinary anomaly is that should a contributor be discharged for misconduct, his payments are refunded, should he resign, he loses every penny paid!

Gas!

The Nantwich District Council require an Assistant Accountant and Collector in their Gas Department. His duties are many and various and onerous. He is responsible for the keeping and balancing of the books; he checks and certifies and presents a schedule of accounts, invoices and payments. He pays wages. He collects all moneys due to the Gas Department. He controls and is responsible for all the financial work of the department. His hours are 9—5.30 (Sat. 9—1), with an hour for lunch. He must give a security and pay the premium. And he is to get for all that the noble sum of £156 per annum. Care to take a place in the queue of applicants?

The Threshers.

"The owners of the threshing engine say these last two years are the best they ever had." The voice is from Suffolk. The men who drive those engines are not so lucky. They are paid worse than horsemen on farms, and they do all the engine-driving and donkey-work for men whose day's wage is bigger than theirs. 36s. a week is what they get—engine-drivers and their mates, married men with big families. They want a better rate fixed, and they propose 45s. to 50s. in the season, and 42s. for the two slack months. Considering their labour is arduous and skilled, their request is so reasonable that agriculturists who do not grant it ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Local Limerick.

[*At Lambeth, a Water Board inspector was fined £20 for taking gas by disconnecting the meter and fixing the pipe to the direct supply.*]

There was an Inspector of Water,
Who wangled his gas-pipe last quarter;
He must pay twenty pound,
Because it was found
He'd been doing what he didn't oughter!

A Timely Warning.

In Parliament and outside we are strongly insisting that our Consular service should henceforth be all British, and manned, as far as possible, by practical business men. May we at the same time suggest that British commercial firms should appoint none but Britishers to the control of their foreign branches? In the past there has been a good deal of laxity under this head, with mischievous results.

Blood-Suckers.

A couple of blood-suckers advertise in a daily paper. Each of these leeches requires a clerk, who must be experienced in commercial accounts and book-keeping. Some poor devil is invited to state his age and qualifications, and, should these pass muster, if he be a good, reliable, and competent man, he is to be rewarded with—"Salary, 40s." Of course, the advertisers hide their names and addresses, as well they may. Reckon present-day values, and see what those vampires are really offering.

Open Death Traps.

Recent references in these columns to the unprotected and unguarded banks of the Grand Surrey and other Canals have come under the official notice of the Camberwell Borough Council. Mr. Tagg, the Town Clerk, tells us that his Council have already called the attention of the Port of London Authority to these veritable death-traps, and is doing so once more, with a copy of our article in support. We are glad to find Camberwell Councillors so quick to move, and welcome their aid in our plea for the safety of thoughtless, playful little children.

"The Honour of Our Daughters."

Mr. F. A. Sarjeant, J.P. of Reading, writes us that he was not present when ex-Police-Superintendent Hernaman was merely fined £5 for indecently assaulting a nine-year-old girl. We have pleasure in publishing this statement, and are sorry that, owing to the report in the local paper omitting to mention that Mr. Sarjeant had withdrawn after hearing the preceding case, he should have been caused any annoyance in the matter—but, of course, as a fewer number passed the disgracefully lenient sentence, all the more blame attaches to the remaining members of the Bench.

"The Curfew."

As somebody has already said, there is no pleasing everybody. Listening to various small shopkeepers, trading without assistants, we suggested that it would harm nobody if they were allowed to keep open a little longer. We have received a shoal of letters on the matter, from tradesmen who write on each side of the subject. A Cardiff gentleman assures us our remarks are "the only bit of common sense he has seen in print on the point." But we are bound to confess that many of the writers take the opposite view, and vote for continuance of the eight o'clock closure. Yet, somehow, we feel for the old parties who would fain do a little more trade. It seems largely a matter of local conditions.

By No Means an Ishmael.

The poor animal was so ill-treated by Ishmael Jones, horse dealer, of Birkenhead, that blood and matter were exuding from a very large wound. And yet the Wallasey Magistrates fined the blackguard only 5s. Why not dismiss such cases, and say that cruelty doesn't matter?

Pity the Pit Ponies.

It has been remarked that the pit ponies were the only creatures to benefit by the coal strike. They were brought to the light for the first time for many years. Why, in God's name, can't they bring the poor beasts up once a week to sniff the fresh air and see the grass? Pit ponies all go blind. Is that a necessary part of the scheme of things?

Queer Muzzlemen.

We should like to know why the Cinque Port Petty Sessions have so many fancy prices for breaches of the Muzzling Order. One day people get fined 10s. and 12s. 6d., and two days later (before the Mayor this time) they are let off for five shillings a piece. Among the five-bobbers appears the name of Ernest A. Borg, the Borough Engineer.

Misleading Adverts.

To read the advertisements of the British Cinematograph Machine Company, of 236, H., High Holborn, W.C., one might easily be deluded into the belief that two shillings and sixpence would purchase a "Model Britishscope Home Cinematograph" to enliven the winter evenings. As a matter of fact, however, all the half-crown will bring is an elaborate set of instructions for the home manufacture of the machine, entailing the purchase of 91 separate parts, most of which the advertisers are ready to supply, "highly finished, at cost price." It is a pity that this should not be made clear on the face of the advertisements.

Watch this figure GROW!

The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is 111

For Registration Forms see page 20.

Torquay Rejoices.

There must have been something very wrong with the Torquay Peace Procession if the men mainly concerned—the soldiers and sailors, past and present—refused to take part in it. And, as a matter of fact, all the kiddies got out of it were buns and ginger beer after a tiring march. The kiddies have been going round, in fact, with boxes labelled "Help the children!" But there was a Victory Ball, tickets one guinea each. Won't the soldiers and sailors be pleased?

Another Strike Muddle.

It is to be hoped that some investigation will be made as to who is to blame at the Ministry of Labour for the delay in ratifying the award to the Plymouth building operatives made last May. Employers, consequently, refused to acknowledge the award; and after repeated attempts on the part of the men's leaders to obtain a reply from the Ministry of Labour, it was resolved to call a strike to enforce the complete observation of the Conciliation Board's award. The strike had been in progress about a month when, as recently as July 30th, the official letter from the Ministry ratifying the award arrived. All this time building operations in the district had been at a standstill, and many hundreds of men needlessly idle.

A Cup of Tea.

Thousands of hard-working citizens are sadly hit by the multiple people and others who run tea-shops now that they have raised the price of a cup of tea from 2½d. to 3d., and a penny bun to 1½d.—to say nothing of a tiny scrap of margarine for 1d. The whole trade has combined to commit these enormities, which seem totally unjustified—unless the justification is to be found in the increased dividends.

Tea-Shops.

Talking of tea-shops, we note that male waiters are still turned down in favour of girl attendants. Girls are cheaper, and are supposed to attract customers, and that adds to the scandal. Some so-called "tea-shops," run by small people, are very shady places, and girls cannot be too careful about joining such establishments. A pretty girl is eagerly engaged, but she will have to "attract" customers. That leads to temptation and the smiling road to ruin. Much better let mother have a look at the place before signing on.

The Pretty Ladies.

The joy rides yet continue. The dear girls are still trained by Government to drive motors and to take the bread out of men's mouths. You may see them in procession, six cars at a time, each containing four girls and a man in khaki, sliding up and down Richmond Hill, looking very nice, learning how to handle a wheel—and getting ready to ruin any car in a month. For, when "trained," the majority of the dear things are quite ignorant of all that concerns a motor, except to sit up in front and look sweet.

Wet and Dry.

In days of yore the commercial, or even the uncommercial, traveller would find his warmest welcome in an inn. Nowadays that inn is usually closed. "What we want is a revision of the opening hours," exclaims a man of samples. "When overtaken by a storm in the old days, our objective was the nearest pub. What happens now? After a mad dash one reaches said pub to find it locked, bolted and barred, and one knocks in vain for admittance. Have the men who made these modern laws of pub-closing ever had to wait in bad weather at a wayside station?" We know not. All we know is that they keep thousands of sober men dry in order to keep a drunk or two out of the wet.

The Hintlesham Scandal.

Our recent exposure of the criminal and disgraceful conduct of Mr. Anthony Anstruther Wilkinson, formerly Rector of Hintlesham, Suffolk, brings the suggestion that we should correct certain inferences regarding the attitude of the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. It appears that, in his efforts to persuade the depraved cleric to resign his benefice and thus avoid the scandal of judicial proceedings, the Bishop was taking advantage of certain definite provisions of the Clergy Discipline Act, while the apparent delay in unfrocking the culprit may to some extent have been explained by the fact that, following his conviction by the Consistory Court, the unfrocked incumbent had certain rights of appeal. It is only fair, of course, that these circumstances should be borne in mind.

Summer is Passing.

Hurry up with your "Bullets" coupon if you want to win a Holiday Prize. See page 20.

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear Mr. Long,—Why are there no crosses at the head of the graves of Navy men in Fulford Cemetery? It is very fit and proper that the last resting places of soldiers and airmen should be marked with the sacred symbol; but are not our seamen, our grand Jack Tars, also worthy of this recognition of their supreme sacrifice? Look to it, sir! John Bull.

To Major-General Sir Charles Townshend.

Dear General,—I am glad to see you hitting out against those "enemies at home" who have done their best to deny you the just tribute for your splendid fight against overwhelming odds. Kut stands as a lasting monument to British pluck and as a vivid living shame to those who sent you and your gallant fellows forward—a mere handful of men—to meet overwhelming odds. Your warnings were disregarded; but the politicians who were responsible continue to pose as the nation's wise men, while you are left in the cold shades of neglect. I know what history will say, and that you and your little army will come out on top. Cheerio!

John Bull.

To Sir Arthur du Cros, Bart., M.P. for Clapham.

Dear Sir Arthur.—Some of your constituents who are threatened with almost summary eviction from their well-stocked allotments at Clapham Junction, because according to the Food Production Department "the land in question is urgently required for the erection of a model laundry," are rather put out by your reply to their memorial on the subject. While stating that you are in full sympathy and agreement with its purpose, your Secretary writes that "you have made it a rule never to interfere in any way in purely local matters." Rather a strange attitude, surely. You sit in Parliament for Clapham, and I have always thought that a Member was first and foremost the guardian of the interests of his constituents. Am I wrong? John Bull.

To David Adams, Bradley Green, Malpas, Cheshire.

Dear Lothario,—Please understand that the Broxton Magistrates have been very lenient in letting you off with a fine of £4. It is not at all a nice thing to accost a respectable young lady on a lonely road, place your hands on her shoulders and snatch a kiss by force. In future, please keep your hands to yourself and your kisses for those who want them—upon another occasion some male relative of the insulted lady may inflict upon you damage which not even £4 will cover. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord Leverhulme, Port Sunlight.

My Lord,—According to a Scottish Member of Parliament, whose conclusions I am bound to respect, you are playing ducks and drakes with the Island of Lewis, which you recently purchased. To be plain, it is said that you are overriding the wishes of the inhabitants, whose future lives are to be "guided along lines not laid down by themselves, but according to the dictates of a successful soap boiler." Naturally I deplore this rude way of putting it, but if you can allay such misgivings, I shall be greatly relieved. John Bull.

To J. J. Sapp, Esq., Chairman, Portsmouth Bench.

Dear Sir,—It is quite evident from the conduct of yourself and your fellow Magistrates that your magisterial duties have not dried up the milk of human kindness. The other day you had before you, charged with drunkenness, a man who was wearing the V.C., the M.M., and the Mons Star. I liked his answer when you asked him how he got the V.C.—"Doing my duty"—and I liked your kindly leniency and congratulations on the decorations. And though that Naval hero, with the D.S.M., the St. George's Cross and the St. George's Medal for working submarines, so far forgot himself as to be violent when in drink, you took into consideration his good character, and let him off lightly. Tempering Justice with mercy is a divine gift.

John Bull.

To Mr. D. Sherman, Ladies' Tailor, 369a, Oxford Street, W.

Dear Sir,—You *are* a saucy boy! Answering a claim for wages by one of your young lady assistants, you did not deny that on the very first day of her engagement you had called her "ducky" and "darling," as though she had been your own little girl instead of a mere saleswoman. Just your amiable habit, I suppose, and I daresay the young lady was a "duck" in the sense you implied. But it does not follow that she wanted to be told so by a silly old goose like you. John Bull.

To the Rev. E. Maughan Ettrick, Rector, Little Ilford.

Dear Rector,—They tell me you are very cross because some time ago a notice "sequestering" the living of Little Ilford was posted on the church door. Apparently it was all a mistake. It is true that you did owe £45 to the contractor who removed your goods from your former benefice, judgment for this amount being awarded against you in the High Court—but, as you solemnly asseverate, the money has since been paid. Pity the unfortunate tradesman had to chase you for it, don't you think?

John Bull.

To Wm. Shawcross, Esq., M.A., J.P., Mayor of Guildford.

Dear Sir,—I am not surprised, and surely it cannot have come as a sudden shock to you, to find that the discharged and demobilised soldiers took effective means to protest against the action of the Town Council in passing over ex-Service men for the post of Borough Surveyor. I admire them for declining to attend the dinner supposed to be got up in their honour. It is work they want, not beanfeasts; and it will, I hope, be a lesson to the Town Council to deal justly by the men who have fought and suffered. Of course, you agree with me unhesitatingly, don't you?

John Bull.

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!

GERMAN-BORN HAIRDRESSER'S CAREER.

A swagger hairdressing business has lately been opened at Folkestone by Mr. J. H. Zeller, who thus sets the coping-stone on a picturesque and varied career. To begin with, Julius Herman Zeller, to give him his full name, was born 43 years ago at Balingen, Schwartszwald, Germany. For some time after their arrival in Folkestone, where Zeller was formerly employed as a barber at the fashionable Grand Hotel, he and his wife passed themselves off as of French origin, and it was not until 1916, when Zeller had to go before the Military Tribunal at Folkestone, that the fact of his German birth was publicly established. A further interesting disclosure was that this German hairdresser had become naturalised as a British subject as recently as January, 1914, the very year of war—the rumour being that he had had for his sponsors two prominent members of the National Liberal Club. In these circumstances, the Folkestone Tribunal exempted Zeller from military service, chiefly on the ground that he was not the sort of person to fight side by side with British soldiers; although it appears that this decision was afterwards revised—for we notice that in his latest advertisement he describes himself as "demobilised in March, 1919." Be this as it may, the facts of his earlier career are as stated recently, and it is just as well that visitors to "the Maison Zeller"—the title seems to be a lingering remnant of the pretence of French origin—should know with whom they are dealing. Mr. Zeller is not the only person whose recent return to Folkestone is causing local resentment.

THE JOYS OF TRAVEL.

NO PLEASING THE TRANSPORT MANDARINS.

Travelling in these days by land and sea is a grand exercise in self-control, as witness the thrilling experiences of an Irish lady who has lately braved the perils of the Atlantic. In the first place, our fair correspondent was nearly suffocated for lack of cabin space, sharing with three other first-class passengers an apartment nine feet square, with no adequate means of ventilation. Not satisfied with this personal affront, the Cunard Company next turned their delicate attentions to the lady's property; as she tersely puts it, "they smashed my box in the hold, and disclaimed all responsibility as per enclosed letter." What the Company actually did, it appears, was to refuse all compensation for the damaged trunk, which could not be replaced under £3 10s., and to offer the aggrieved passenger the sum of £1 for the amiable purpose of "retaining her goodwill." It could not be done at the price. Arriving at Euston with a new trunk, fortified to resist the further blows of adversity, she was met by the railway officials with a demand for excess luggage payment on account of the exceptional strength of its fittings, the charge to Barrow-in-Furness and afterwards to Ireland at goods rates working out at six shillings and eightpence. As the good lady puts it to us, "if the poor traveller doesn't lose all he has on the steamship, the Railway Companies will relieve him—or more especially her—of the rest." Indeed, the mildness of her protest is a wonderful tribute to the qualities of the Irish race, which always "comes out strong" in troublous times.

NO PITY FOR PENSIONERS.

A BOARD DESERVING TO BE SAT UPON.

An Exeter newspaper, in chronicling recent proceedings of the St. Thomas' Board of Guardians, reports, just in the ordinary way, some rather extraordinary utterances. The occasion of the discussion was a letter urging the Guardians to favour an increase in Old Age Pensions from 7s. 6d. to 10s.—a very desirable step which we have continually advocated, and which bare justice and hard necessity demand. The good Guardians of St. Thomas', however, do not share our opinion. The Rev. B. C. Bennett, like a true cleric, did a little of the facing-both-ways act. He blew hot and blew cold; he would and he wouldn't:—"He thought the Guardians should make a proposal in favour of revision, but he was against the idea of a general increase of 10s." So the poor old folk may thank the reverend gentleman for nothing. Mr. Courtney was even more grotesque. He said "a good many people gave up business, and handed over their assets to relatives in order to become eligible for the Old Age Pension." Only imagine the foolery of that picture, depicting a man, in full possession of his senses, throwing up his trade and denuding himself of all he possessed for the sake of cribbing a miserable seven-and-six a week to live upon! We refuse to credit it. But the other Guardians must have been impressed by the mental wanderings of the parson and Mr. Courtney, for they decided to take "no action." The poor old pensioners must try elsewhere. St. Thomas' Guardians will do nothing. They have said so. Well, we must keep trying, instead.

VERY "DRASTIC MEASURES"!

POLICE-CONSTABLE AUCKLAND GEDDES: "Now, look 'ere, my good man, we've been watching you at this game of daylight robbery for the last five years, and, though we don't want to be nasty, there are so many complaints coming in that it's my painful duty to tell you that if you're not careful you'll be getting into trouble one of these days."

THE PROFITEERING THIEF: "Don't make me larf—can't you see I'm busy?"

A DOUBLE INJUSTICE.

EX-SOLDIER ROBBED BY OFFICIAL BLUNDERING.

It is easy enough to condemn the abuse of the Unemployment Donation, but there is another side to the picture that must not be lost sight of. In far too many instances the administration of the scheme by the Labour Exchanges is such as to occasion the gravest hardship to men whose misfortunes are the direct outcome of military service. A case in point is that of a Colchester man who, after three years' service at Salonica without leave, was invalided out of the Army through malaria. The ex-soldier obtained employment with a local firm of contractors, but owing to recurring attacks of his malady he was unable to work very regularly—so after a few weeks' trial the firm decided to dispense with his services, handing him a week's wages in lieu of notice. At the same time they supplied him with a memorandum stating "Mr.—— was discharged by us and given a week's money in lieu of notice." In itself this bald version of the matter was grossly unfair, and calculated seriously to injure the man's chances of future employment, but it appears that the position has been still further aggravated by an inexplicable misunderstanding on the part of the local Labour Exchange. Within the last week or two the ex-soldier's Unemployment Donation has been entirely withdrawn, on the ground that he "left his last employment of his own accord"—a suggestion entirely negatived by the employers' own memorandum on the subject, the signed original of which is in our possession. To a married man in indifferent health this is a serious blow, and we suggest to the officials at the Colchester Labour Exchange that they should take immediate steps to remedy the injustice to which their blunder has given rise. Failing this, the Court of Referees—after having called for the whole of the evidence in the case—should review the circumstances without delay. Such blunders as this have done not a little towards causing the present widespread feeling of exasperation at officialism so prevalent amongst the workers.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

There was a comic happening at Clifton, by Bristol, the other day, but the fun of it had its grimly tragic side as well. Somebody advertised three unfurnished rooms to let, application to be made after 6 o'clock. Soon after 5, the road began to be populated; by 5.45 it was filling. All sorts of people were there, standing still or strolling about. One dashed up in a private car. There were old folk and young married couples, there were wounded ex-soldiers with their wives, all waiting for the hour to strike. And then, on the stroke of six, a young woman opened the door, stood on the step, and told the crowd she thought the rooms were let to an officer, who had called earlier in the afternoon. But all of them, if they liked, could come back after nine in the morning, when she would give them the latest news on the subject! Now, there was no fun in all that for the poor, patient, waiting crowd, least of all for the wounded and demobilised men seeking a roof for their families—seeking a home for themselves after fighting for the homes of others. As one homeless ex-soldier puts it, most pertinently: "If the Government wanted us in training again, they would soon find huts and accommodation." People do secure labour and materials for unnecessary work. In Brighton, for example, they are pulling down some shops, with rooms over them, and a hotel with 60 rooms, to build a cinema. Yet Brighton already possesses some dozen picture houses. At Middlesbrough a church is being turned into a cinema, and four private houses into a bakery. In Northampton a large and historic hotel has just been sold to a cinema company. However, we believe that no such scheme will in future be permitted. There is no gainsaying the wickedness of pulling down large hotels and other buildings capable of housing many families in sore straits, for the sake of building places of entertainment. Local authorities should have the power to commandeer such places, and to let them out, temporarily, as tenements for those whose need is greatest.

AN "A. A." VICTIM.

MORAL OF THE STRIKE AT THE EMPIRE.

If the Actors' Association seeks to secure and retain the confidence of the profession—the humble as well as the highly paid—it must act with more spirit than it did in the case of the strike at the Empire Theatre, London. A male chorister was dismissed, ostensibly on the ground of breaking the rule against smoking, and the Association not only made the charge of victimisation, but gave publicity in the Press to very definite evidence in that direction. Yet, as we understand the position, the man who was the "delegate" of the Association in the Theatre has not been reinstated, and indeed he is now subsisting on the Association's "dole." There is no worse form of tyranny than making a man suffer because of his legitimate efforts on behalf of a union, and the Actors' Association, by failing to secure the reinstatement of this chorister-victim have shown deplorable weakness.

THE CAUSE OF HIS DEATH.

STRANGE STORY OF A FRACTURED JAW.

The report of an inquest at Wakefield Asylum gives rise to uneasy thoughts. A patient named Overend, miner and ex-soldier, was being taken to the bath-room. An attendant, Hewitt, says he had to "push" the poor fellow into the room, but that he did not fall or strike himself against anything. Two days later it was discovered that Overend had a compound fracture of the right jaw, "which was of recent origin." Three attendants spoke to seeing the man put his fingers into his mouth, so it was said that he might have fractured his own jaw, or it might have been caused by forcible feeding, many of the patients having refused to take food. Overend died, death being ascribed by the doctor and the jury to "general paralysis, accelerated by a septic compound-fractured jaw." On the facts, as related at the inquest, it is quite manifest that there is urgent need for a fuller inquiry into the matter. The suggestion that the man fractured his own jaw is surely untenable, and does not even appear to have been advanced seriously. The disclosures present a very grave issue, and, from every point of view, it is undesirable that the story of poor Overend's death should remain so ominously unexplained.

FOR EXPORT ONLY.

CHEAP SECOND-HAND GOODS GO ABROAD.

Life is full of mysteries. Peradventure, Messrs. Mallett, Porter and Dowd, Limited, "Contractors to His Majesty's Government," etc., 465, Caledonian Road, London, N., will be delighted to explain to us one of them. We have before us one of their recent Export Price Lists, offering a quantity of all sorts of second-hand wearing apparel "subject to market fluctuations." There are in the list men's civilian jackets, trousers, overcoats, vests, railway overcoats, police jackets, Army boots resoled, Yeomanry saddles, white woollen blankets, Army blankets, and so forth. All these things are marked, as prices nowadays go, very low; we must say that without intent of pushing the goods. The point is that there must be a very large number of working-class people in this country who would be glad to purchase articles of the kind if they could get them at the prices asked. Evidently, too, they are in quantities. Why, then, are they sent out of the country for the benefit of aliens abroad, with boots and clothes and blankets and such things so dear, even at second-hand, at home? Messrs. Mallett even include in their export list new Army blankets 60 x 90 at 8s. 6d. and 54 x 74 at 5s. 9d. And why "for export only"? Surely—but what is the explanation, anyhow? It is a bit beyond our present understanding.

CAROLINE HANEMANN AND VON BISSING.

THE CABINET AND THE HUN.—LYING PROMISES.

By Charles Palmer.

ONLY the other night, at one of those banquets at which the gentlemen who are seeking to form a Centre Party try to keep their courage up with the good things of the table, Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., professed to tell these political bantlings why the Government they supported was unpopular. One of the reasons was that they were "so opportunist as to be insincere"—which means that a Minister says anything that suits the situation of the moment and then, when the situation changes, goes back on his word. "It is a very common charge that they have no definite views or opinions, that they are merely looking out as to what will pay them best. There is only one cure—complete candour and complete firmness." And no sooner has the high priest of the League of Nations delivered himself of these words of wisdom than we have, in one of the most vital matters, further evidence of insincerity and chicanery.

The Case of Caroline.

It *is* a vital matter that the pledges given by the Government in connection with the Hun and persons of alien birth interned during the war should be honestly kept, and there is no evidence that Ministers are doing anything to allay public suspicion—by dealing with "complete candour" with the nation and "complete firmness" with the enemy aliens and the suspected persons in this country. Take the case of Caroline Hanemann. Once more Mr. Bottomley in the House of Commons has tried to get at the truth, to probe the mind of the Home Secretary, and, incidentally, to test the sincerity of the Cabinet pledges. And once more he has been subject to that kind of departmental humbug in which Mr. Shortt is becoming a past-master, whilst the public are asked to believe that there is only one woman in this country, and that woman a denaturalised Hun, who can be found to attend upon a sick lady. Was there ever such nauseating nonsense?

Here are the facts, and all Mr. Shortt's attempts to cast dust in our eyes cannot alter them. This woman, who during the war was allowed to live in the house of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, at 10, Downing Street, was naturalised *after* the outbreak of war. But, for reasons which are carefully concealed from the public, she has since been denaturalised—in other words, it has been found undesirable to allow the German Woman of Downing Street to enjoy the privileges of British citizenship. Yet, although that is the position, the Home Secretary does not order her deportation, nor will he give the reasons for his decision. Mr. Shortt is almost tearful: "I am satisfied that the woman is able to give trained assistance of a character essential to the health of an invalid. She has been resident in this country for 29 years, and is entirely inoffensive. Had she been of German nationality in 1915, these circumstances would have entitled her to exemption from repatriation." And yet in spite of "these circumstances" she has been denaturalised, and on denaturalisation deportation should follow!

Baron Von Bissing.

Let us turn from the tearful humbug of Mr. Shortt and from the German nurse who was protected by naturalisation during the war and is now permitted to remain here as a "pure Hun," and consider another aspect of Home Office methods. Felixstowe is up in arms against the polluting presence of Baron Von Bissing. This German worthy, half brother of the blood-lusting Von Bissing who compassed the murder of Nurse Cavell, has taken a house, "Broadwater," in Hamilton Gardens, on the South Cliff. Why is he there? Why is he not kicked out of the country? He is not wanted; his presence is a menace to the peace of Felixstowe. Now, unlike Caroline Hanemann, but like that splendid patriot and painter, Laszlo, Von Bissing was naturalised before the war—in his case many years before the war. When the Hun threw down the violent challenge that bathed the world in blood, Von Bissing was living at Brighton. We know the effort made, presumably for very good reasons, by the local police to have this German interned.

Some day the truth will be known as to why there was a protecting hand over Von Bissing and whose was the hand. This we know, that Whitehall stepped in and spared the noble Hun. But public pressure increased, and, again it is to be assumed for very good and sufficient reasons, Von Bissing was interned. Home Secretary Cave, in the House of Commons in November, 1917, said he was interned "on the ground of hostile origin." But surely that was not the only reason. Why, in that case, Sir Alfred Mond and all other men of pure German descent might have been placed under lock and key. We know Laszlo was interned for reasons other than hostile origin. But we have yet to learn the truth about Von Bissing. At any rate, he was interned—but, like Laszlo, he was soon out of internment and in a nursing home, and finally he made the Isle of Man his place of abode, being all the time technically a prisoner.

Flaunting the Nation.

Well, the war is over, and he is back amongst us. Felixstowe is furious, as well it may be. And it is showing its resentment in the only way open to law-abiding people. Shall its demand be denied? It suffered from the merciless methods of the Hun. It knows what it means to be bombed by the "baby-killers," it has good reason to understand the German mentality, and it has a perfect right to say that no man of the accursed nation shall live in its midst. And other towns will be incensed as these interned Huns are released—in many cases to set up business again, while honest Englishmen who have fought and bled cannot gain a living and discharged soldiers are walking the streets seeking work and somewhere to lay their heads. Who can wonder that the Government is mistrusted when all the fine promises of stern treatment for the Hun in our midst turn out to be a pack of lies? The Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor could not speak too strongly on this subject of clearing out the Hun when it was election time. Now the humbug is revealed, and Mr. Shortt laughs in the face of the House of Commons and flaunts the nation.

A TRAGEDY OF WANT.

EX-SOLDIER LIVES AND DIES IN PENURY.

A pitiful story is that of a brave-hearted woman at Upchurch, Kent, who, since the death of her husband, a pensioner from the Royal Engineers, has been making a gallant struggle to maintain her independence. Long before the ex-soldier's fatal illness, the clouds of adversity were closing in upon the little family. The man's pension from the Army reached the munificent figure of 11d. a day, and to eke out this bare pittance the wife had established a Convalescent Home. At the outbreak of war, the area was proclaimed a danger zone—after which the doors might as well have been closed. Although in extremely feeble health, the husband struggled to maintain a slight connection as a travelling photographer, but before long the Upchurch district was certified as a "prohibited area," and this slender source of livelihood officially proscribed. Finally, the good wife offered to board men for the Admiralty at the official rate of 2s. a day. At this point, however, the husband's illness took a fatal turn, and the poor woman applied to the Local Pensions Committee for a little temporary assistance—just to pay the doctor, and provide milk for the sick man. But for this simple boon the official regulations made no provision, although the poor fellow had seen 17½ years' military service. What a tragedy it was that no one in authority was prepared to step outside the ring fence of official regulations to help!

THE TOILS OF USURY.

PROFITEERING IN THE SHORT LOAN MARKET.

If any of our readers are hard up—an absurdly remote contingency—they will be well advised to explore every avenue of assistance before applying to the District Advance Company, Limited, of 34, Friar Lane, Leicester. If the managers of this concern are not "hot stuff," we'll eat an iceberg and say no more about it. A Norwich reader, finding himself in financial difficulties, got into touch with the Friar Lane office with a view, as Mr. Micawber would say, to "a little temporary accommodation, in short—a loan." As the applicant was not a householder, the District Advance Company were a little shy of the proposal—although, after a time, and on condition that the borrower's mother should go bail for repayment, they agreed to advance £3. As cover for this mammoth transaction, mother and son were required, "jointly and severally," to give the Company a promissory note, agreeing to pay back the £3 and a premium of 30s., making £4 10s. in all, at the rate of 4s. weekly, commencing within a week or so of the date of the loan. The reader with a turn for figures may care to work out the rate of interest per cent. per annum, taking into account the rapid reduction of the loan through repayment of principal. Yet it is doubtful if the Courts would consider such a contract "unconscionable," so long is the tether allowed these usurious purveyors of short loans to the impecunious.

AN UNFAIR POSITION.

THE CIVIL ANSWER FROM A LONDON TAXI-MAN.

The much-abused taxi-driver so seldom replies to his critics through the medium of the Press that we gladly afford publicity to the views of a former London "cabby," recently demobilised after a long spell of service overseas. Our correspondent's first contention is that the evidence tendered to the House of Commons Select Committee on London Traffic in regard to the fabulous earnings of taxi-men must be taken to apply principally to the owner-driver, the case of the mere employee being in another category. The public are probably unaware of the fact that a great number of taxi-drivers formerly employed by the principal motor-cab companies have returned from the Army to find their jobs filled, and no prospect before them but a depressing spell of unemployment. Unhappily, the ex-soldier to whom we refer is in this position, and, as he states the case, a great part of the difficulty is due to the rapid multiplication of owner-drivers who, having escaped military service, have been able to purchase taxi-cabs out of the rich harvest of the spend-thrift years. Another grievance is that some motor-cab proprietors are demanding a premium of as much as £20 before they will allow a driver returning from the Army to take a cab on to the streets. This strikes us as a scandalous imposition, which ought to have been brought to the notice of the Traffic Committee or of the Home Secretary.

THE PROFITEERS.

A POTTED PLAY.

SCENE: *An emergency meeting of* PROFITEERS, *called for the purpose of discussing the Government's Anti-Profiteering Bill and deciding on protective measures.*

THE CHAIRMAN:

Er—fellow profiteers,
A measure, it appears,
Designed to limit profits, soon will pass,
So I thought I'd summon you,
Just to see what we can do
To make the Bill's promoter look an ass;
For years—each in his way—
We have made the public pay,
To use a crude expression, through the nose;
But now the War is ended
It seems to be intended
To bring our depredations to a close!
The Government designs
To levy heavy fines
And on occasion shove us into quod!
The danger I don't blink,
But I'm half inclined to think
For their own backs they're pickling a rod!
On every hand we're blamed,
Told we ought to be ashamed—
What matter, if to us the profits fall?
But what I *do* resent
Is to know the Government
Has been the greatest profiteer of all!

A PROFITEER:

Excuse my interruption,
But this measure leaves me cold.
I've made enough the last five years
To keep me till I'm old;
My wife's got jewels rich and rare
And coats of costly fur;
At home, for clocks and pianos,
There's hardly room to stir;
With Government connivance
I a goodish pile have made,
So of this Anti-Profits Bill
I'm not a bit afraid.
I'm going out of business
Now the red light I can see,
And profiteers with any sense
Will do the same as me!

ANOTHER PROFITEER:

Suppose, from devilish spite, the Bill
Is retrospective made?

ALARMED AND INDIGNANT CHORUS:

Shut up, you pessimistic fool!

CHAIRMAN:

You're feverish, I'm afraid!
How could the Government, whose hands
Are stained as much as ours,
Themselves to themselves render up
And to the legal powers?
Come to the point. The Bill, once passed,
Will lay us open to attack
By any petty purchaser
Who thinks he hasn't had his whack!
Intolerable that will be,
The limit of endurance nearing;
So all that's left, it seems to me,
Is to abandon profiteering!

CHORUS:

What, give up profiteering? What—
Because a paltry fine awaits us?
When the huge profit that's been made
Invariably compensates us?
Of fines and clink we have no fear,
Though not enamoured of the latter;
So we'll proceed to profiteer
Until it's made a *hanging matter!*

[*Exeunt* to loud cheers.]

IDEAL is the word which best describes the refreshing and thirst quenching qualities of Glass-Lemon on a hot summer's day. Literally "made in a moment," Glass-Lemon is a delightful all-lemon drink prepared from the finest Messina fruit. No hot water or time-taking trouble necessary. Just a spoonful of Glass-Lemon with the addition of clear *cold* water, and you have the finest, most healthful summer drink possible, cooling to the blood, and admirably thirst-quenching.

MADE IN Delectaland
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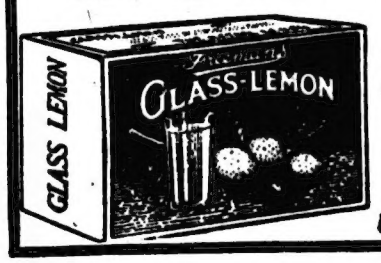


FREEMANS FOODS,
The Watford Mfg. Co., Ltd.
DELECTALAND,
WATFORD, Eng.

F. 149.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS.

Good arfternoon, sir. . . . *A trim?* Yes-sir. This chair, if you please. Nice day, sir. It's bin jest right for the races, right away since Goodwood. If everythink else was as favourable as the weather jest now we shouldn't 'ave very much to grumble about. But socially an' perlitically the country's in a rotten state, ain't it, sir? It ain't all reaction arfter the Wore. There's somethink more be'ind it. There's the secret operations of the bloody-minded revolutionaries, backed up by enemy cash, and our greedy, selfish profiteers playin' into their 'ands by breedin' discontent. I 'ave a sorter feelin' w'en I look round and see wot's goin' on, and read the papers an' the Parliamentary news, that wot we want to git us out of our present mess is a strong man with a firm 'and. . . . Oh, yes, I grawnt cher Lloyd George is a strong man in many respects, but I fancy 'is work on the Peace Conference took a lot out of 'im. Wot's 'e goin' to do about sendin' a new Ambassador to Washin'ton, f'rinstance? That's a question wot oughter be settled at once. And if ever a strong man was wanted for a job, you can bet your life we want one to represent us in the United States. We shall 'ave trouble with America otherwise, I can see it stickin' out.

* * * *

The Yankees are out for our blood. This wore 'as bin their opportunity. It ain't the first time England's difficulty 'as bin somebody else's opportunity. We want a man at Washin'ton able to stand up to President Wilson or 'oever may follow 'im at the next Presidential election. . . . Oh, yes, sir; Lord Readin' 's all right. I 'aven't a word to say against 'im. But 'e's Lord Chief Justice, 'e's a 'cute lawyer, and a man o' the world, an' all that. But I fancies we want a man of a different sort this time. We want one rather more of the bulldog breed; and I can't imagine a better selection than one of our Admirals. The British Navy saved the States and the rest of the civilised world from the filthy clutch of the 'Uns. The British Navy enabled the United States army to cross the Atlantic in safety. The British Navy has always stood between the States and any possible enemies. The Yankees owe the British Navy more than the merjority of them seem to realise at present. All which seems to me to be good reasons w'y a British Admiral would be the most fit an' proper person to represent the Empire at Washin'ton. . . . *Am I thinkin' about Admiral Beatty?* Well, I am and I ain't, sir. Nobody's got a 'igher opinion o' David than I 'ave, but there's another Admiral in my mind wot I think would be a bit more suitable for the job, and that's Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, in other words, yourself, sir! . . . *Flatter you?* Not me, sir! There ain't much in the way o' flattery about me. But as far as I can make out you've 'ad rather more diplomatic experience than Beatty. You spent a good deal of time at Paris w'ile the Peace Commission was settin', and I rather fancy you've weighed the Yankees up pritty well.

* * * *

At Washin'ton, sir, with all the prestige o' the British Navy, you could do work for the benefit of the nation. The States is goin' to be one of our most difficult problems. They appear to be determined to set a fast pace in the way of fleet-buildin', and, thanks to the 'undreds o' millions o' money we've poured into their pockets the larst four years, they look like beatin' us. So the least we can do in the way of self-protection is to 'ave a man at Washin'ton primed up to the knocker in naval questions and firm enough to protect British interests w'en threatened by America's bid for world-power! Will you think about it, sir, if you get the offer? . . . . Well, I 'ope you will, at any rate, sir. . . . Thank you, sir. Much obliged, I'm shore! Goo' day, sir!

"GET READY FOR THE REVOLUTION."

AN UNLAWFUL LEAFLET AND THE "DAILY NEWS."

If you are determined to shut your eyes to the red light, of course you will never see it. That is quite clearly the attitude of our dear contemporary the *Daily News*, which has poured contempt on the statement of the Home Secretary concerning the existence of a revolutionary leaflet bearing an Edinburgh imprint and circulated broadcast. "Where is the Leaflet?" is the heading in the Bouverie Street organ, and just to go on with comes the sub-heading "Unlawful Pamphlet which the Police cannot find." Well, if the police, according to the *Daily News*, cannot find it, we can. It is before us as we write, and printed in blue ink—why not red?—it is a gross attempt to incite to revolution, and to gain support for those cold-blooded murderers, Lenin and Trotsky. Whether any sane man will believe the lies it tells is another matter. No one who can spend a penny on a newspaper will swallow the statement that "our comrades" in Russia are "making good progress towards getting the things we all desire, and to which, as workers, we are justly entitled." Those responsible for the leaflet are "justly entitled" to gaol, and the *Daily News* to this rap over the knuckles.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

APPALLING OFFICIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

A Glasgow reader is quite upset with us because, although we have constantly attacked the health provisions of the National Insurance Act, we have not so often risen in our might to denounce the provisions of that measure in regard to Unemployment Insurance. Speaking from a lengthy administrative experience under this section of the Act, our friend lays especial stress upon the vast expense entailed upon the taxpayers by the wasteful and inefficient system obtaining at the Labour Exchanges. Experience of the war emergency Out-of-Work Donations has served to focus public attention upon the operations of the Ministry of Labour, but it is evident that our lavish bureaucrats inherited a thoroughly pernicious system from the officials responsible, since the inception of State insurance in 1911, for the distribution of unemployment benefit in certain selected trades. The figures with which our informant supplies us, based on official returns, are eye-openers. In a single month, a certain Scottish Exchange incurred "expenses" totalling £39 3s. 2d. in distributing benefits amounting to £2 6s. 8d.; in the Bridgeton district of Glasgow, special arrangements for the relief of unemployed women and girls cost £111 12s. 6d. before a single penny was paid out in benefit; while in the whole of Scotland for a single year the expenses of administration were more than four times as great as the benefits disbursed in the same period. Probably it was much the same south of the Tweed. Is there any other nation on earth where such extravagant tomfoolery would be permitted to continue and grow?

PAMPERING THE HUNS.

A GOING CONCERN THAT OUGHT TO BE GONE.

Although it is a long, long way to Santiago, the Chilian Electric Tramway and Light Company, an English company—save the mark!—demands attention. The whole of its Preference shares, formerly held by Germans, are in the hands of the Public Trustee as the Custodian of Enemy Assets. In these circumstances the municipal authorities at Santiago, who appear to have made a bad bargain in respect of tramway and electric light services, are begging to be allowed to purchase the undertaking, which, as far as they are concerned, is still manned and controlled by Germans; but, although an admirable opportunity thus presents itself to get rid of an important centre of German influence in Latin America, the British Government cannot apparently be persuaded to run the risk of hurting the Huns. It is interesting to note that at the outbreak of war the Board of this Chilian electricity company consisted of Messrs. E. Breitmeyer, H. de Backer, W. B. Rourmel, F. Heinemann, C. Muller, J. H. Muller, E. Preiger, and H. Zwilgmeyer. Of these, the Chairman, Mr. L. Breitmeyer, has become a British subject, while Messrs. de Backer and Rourmel are said to be respectively of Belgian and American origin; but the rest have had their day and disappeared, though not without leaving behind them a strong residuum of German influence. Our opinion is that if the public of Santiago desire to purchase this rich and prosperous undertaking, and thus to eliminate an important centre of German activity in South America, whose trade may be of the utmost value to this country, the British Government should offer them every assistance in its power.

TRADE WITH FRANCE HUNG UP.

BUT YOU MAY DO BUSINESS WITH GERMANY!

You may trade with Austria; that has been "officially sanctioned" for months past. And now, it seems, the dear Germans have been licensed to come over here to do business. But it is, sometimes, quite difficult to trade with our Ally, France. Up to as late as 1917, people at Cork used to export lobsters, crayfish and so on to Brest. A company has now been formed to carry on the business. Recently, the boat was ready at Cork, loaded with its cargo of live shellfish, in a well. All the crew are demobilised men, and the captain has been specially released for this service. The Customs suddenly discovered that the vessel could not sail without a permit to export. This was applied for, to the Licences Export Department. After three or four days of urgent telegraphing, explaining the perishable nature of the cargo, a reply was ultimately received. It gravely told the shippers that the matter "was receiving attention." We do not know if those lobsters are yet at Brest or still at Cork, but we do know that this lackadaisical attitude is a serious hindrance to friendly commerce with our gallant Allies.

IN THE DOCKYARD.

MEN WHO GO AND MEN WHO STAY.

This is the short story of a man who was a driller in Portsmouth Dockyard for twelve years before the war. He joined up, fought in France, and spent months in hospital afterwards. Returning to the dockyard, he carried on until obliged to spend a short space in sick-bay at home, the result of his war service. While laid up, he received notice of discharge. This in a few days was cancelled, after a fashion. He was informed he could return to work, but not as a driller. He must become an "ordinary labourer." Now, that galls him. For he sees, in that dockyard, working at his trade of driller, men who never did their bit, but who got into the yard to escape it. They are, some of them, shopkeepers in the town. And they are kept on, although the piping times of peace mean the discharge of men who have been in the ranks. We know that the number of hands must be reduced. But the ones to retire are the ones who can go back to their own businesses, and certainly not the ex-service men who have been and fought, and suffered.

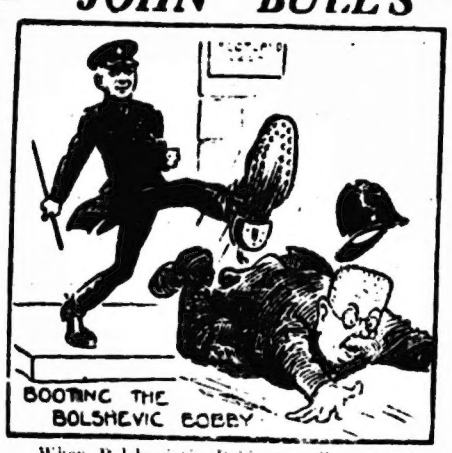
OUR SUBLIME BUREAUCRACY.

AMAZING PERFORMANCES OF THE DISPOSAL BOARD.

A firm of colour-merchants at Wandsworth, wishing to purchase certain chemicals from the Disposal Board of the Ministry of Munitions, asked the Explosive and Chemical Department at Storeys Gate, S.W., to send along sizeable samples of the goods in question. At first it appeared that they had nothing to part with but a few reams of foolscap, but it at length transpired that there were certain supplies of ferric oxide to be genuinely disposed of, although the request for samples was still blandly ignored. Gently repeating their original suggestion, the firm patiently awaited developments—and, a week or two later, were rewarded with a formal letter from the Ministry, with the happy tidings that a couple of 1 oz. samples of ferric oxide were on the point of dispatch. In due course they arrived at Wandsworth, under the escort of a covering letter from the Department of Explosives Supply, together with a separate Delivery Order for each ounce sample, two foolscap Contractors' and Inspection notes, and three other Advice and Inspection notes from the Ministry of Munitions—it being intimated that another note would have been supplied had it been thought necessary to submit the transaction for the approval of the Chief Inspector, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. The firm decided to go in for a half-pound sample of antimony sulphide—whereupon, with trifling variations, the whole performance was repeated. It appears that with each separate item on the list—there were ten or a dozen chemicals announced for disposal—those grand manœuvres are necessary, while of what may happen when the Ministry begins to deliver in bulk we can form but the vaguest conception.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The Prince for Canada departs,
Sure, as at home, of winning hearts.



When Bolshevi[illegible]
They find Ma[illegible] *all right!*

Victorious captains on the day
Receive the Nation's thanks and pay!

But the obscurer rank and file
Receive Gelt in another style

THE MAN WHO "RISKED IT."

REMARKABLE SEQUEL.

It is strange how a man will sometimes hang back in doubt from taking the one step which leads him to success.

Here is a case in which a business man actually hesitated *for three years* before he decided to "risk it." Yet in three months the "risk" had so completely justified itself that he felt compelled to write the following letter (one of many hundreds of similar letters in the records of the Pelman Institute):

"It may interest you to know," he says, "that three times during the last 3 years I have written for your prospectus. Each time I was doubtful as to whether I should really derive benefit.

"I decided to 'risk it,' and I am more than delighted with the result. *I would never have thought it possible.*"

There is the secret of his diffidence: he "did not think it possible." The Pelman Institute's records are simply full of sincere and grateful letters from men (and women) who once thought that the things promised for Pelmanism were "impossible."

MAGIC OF COMMONSENSE.

Frankly, much of what is claimed does sound impossible; but the *facts* prove the reverse. The evidence comes, not from one class, but from all: from professional men, and from clerks and salesmen; from educationists; from members of Parliament; from peers; from financiers; from artisans; from scientists; from manufacturers. Literally, thousands have testified in the plainest of words that Pelmanism has changed their lives for them.

What is the magic? There is no magic: just commonsense. The whole thing is on a par with the semi-invalid—the man who is never really well and never really ill—who takes up golf or some other recreation and finds, to his intense astonishment, that he is "as fit as a fiddle."

Let a man realise the soundness of mental exercise and he will understand the soundness of Pelmanism: he will understand that benefit *must* follow, as night follows day. Pretty nearly everyone knows that physical exercise is sound and essential to health: there are a few who realise that mental exercise is just as sound, just as essential, and just as resultful.

The trouble is that so very few people know anything about their own brains. The brain is a dark secret for the majority of people. They are compelled to use it in some fashion or other, but they never learn *how* to use it. They do not know that mental calibre, efficiency, cleverness—call it what you will—is all a matter of training, or, in other words, of *exercise*.

DISCOVERING LATENT TALENTS.

No faculty of the human system can be capable and efficient unless it is duly exercised. To realise your full powers in any direction requires the regular exercise of that power. Tens of thousands of men and women have "discovered latent talents" in themselves and have achieved unexpected and unhoped-for success as a consequence of Pelmanism. Why? Simply because in following out the principles of Pelmanism they began to utilise and exercise powers hitherto neglected.

That is the simple explanation of those seeming miracles where clerks, becoming Pelmanists, have become managers and have doubled or trebled or even quadrupled their salaries. That is why you find doctors and lawyers writing to say that the "little grey books" are "worth their weight in gold" to them. Sober-minded people do not write remarks such as these without due reason.

Wherever you find a man applying himself in real earnest to the study of Pelmanism, you can absolutely "bank" on that man's progress; even though he be a sceptic to begin with. Here is what one sceptic writes:

"I used to think that the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible: now I regard them as *understatements of the truth!*" That gentleman thought that Pelmanism promised too much; he now thinks its promises are less than it actually produces.

There are many men and women who think that the benefits of Pelmanism are exaggerated; their scepticism could not survive a perusal of the evidence or their own study of the Course.

Pelmanism was received at first with scepticism in the Army; but it finished by claiming over 100,000 officers and men (including over 100 Generals) before the Armistice. That fact is eloquent

GREAT NATIONAL ASSET.

You cannot point to a single profession, business, industry, or trade in which Pelmanism has not led its students to success: financial success, or any other kind of success. The financial benefits of the training are probably those which attract most attention, but there are other phases. Pelmanism is just as powerful a factor for progress in other directions—social, intellectual, professional, or educational. *There is no phase of human existence—from the humblest spheres of life to the highest—in which Pelmanism does not make its value felt.* No greater "new idea" has been brought before the public in this century than Pelmanism. In a sense it is the counter-balance to the unrest and demoralisation which unhappily characterise the after-war period. The growth of Pelmanism is a movement of the happiest augury. As one writer has said very truly: "The work of the Pelman Institute is a great national asset."

A MENTAL RE-BIRTH.

Whether a man thinks nationally or simply as an individual, selfishly, he can do no better thing than investigate this simple and interesting scheme of self-study and self-development. Even if he looks no farther than his own income, the small amount of time and money expended upon the Course will repay him a hundredfold in a single year. His horizon will be clearer and wider; he will realise his own powers; he will see opportunities that he at present misses; he will be competent to profit by these opportunities; he will feel stronger, abler, and better; his life will be more interesting; in many cases men have found the study a positive mental re-birth.

Half-an-hour daily is all that many can give to Pelmanism; yet they have adopted it and with marked success. Some can only study it on their daily journey to and from the office or factory. It is not a hard or fatiguing study; most Pelmanists speak of it as "fascinating." And the cost is ridiculously small, especially as a special scale of payment is provided for those of small means.

Page after page of "Mind and Memory" gives remarkable and incontestable evidence of what Pelmanism has done for thousands of men and women, and *why* it has done it. The most cautious person will get clear guidance from this interesting booklet (now in its 44th edition!).

By sending the coupon printed below, or a postcard for a copy of "Mind and Memory," you do not engage yourself to anything, but you secure an opportunity to read the evidence for Pelmanism at your leisure. Or, if you are in town and would prefer a personal talk with a member of the Pelman staff, do so. A private interview will enable you to put all the questions you please. No visitor to the Pelman Institute is ever *asked* to enrol: the matter is left entirely to his or her own judgment. If you cannot call, then you should certainly write at once for a copy of "Mind and Memory" to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SEND THIS COUPON OR A POSTCARD NOW.

To the Pelman Institute,
15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book, "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest Report, and particulars of the Offer entitling me to take a complete Course of Pelmanism on special terms.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL.

"WHO SAID

Rout Out the Culprits!—"Over There"—and

By THE EDI

THE article I wrote last week on this page soon had its effect. In the House of Commons not only a large number of members, but several Ministers—including the Minister of Labour—personally thanked me for it; whilst the grave warnings it contained were speedily reflected in the mournful and lugubrious speeches of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Prime Minister. Unless we pull ourselves together, we are heading straight for national bankruptcy—that was the burden of their song; I might almost call it their swan-song. They had evidently carefully absorbed all the pessimistic elements in the situation, and I waited in vain to hear one or other of them reiterate the comforting assurance with which I accompanied my own warnings—that "the potentialities of Britain are illimitable. Just as during the war she transformed herself, as by a miracle, from a purely Naval Power into the greatest Military Empire the world has ever known—just as she, by her latent wealth and unrivalled credit, financed the war, so in these days of Peace the stuff is still there, if it can only be directed into the proper channels." That, indeed, is the key to the whole problem. You all remember that picture of the sick fox-terrier, suddenly springing from his basket and demanding to know "Who said 'Rats'?" That is the real attitude of John Bull's dog to-day. He is indeed sick, for he has been terribly mauled. His injuries, however, are not mortal, and there is still plenty of fight in him if only he is allowed to get at the enemy's throat. That enemy is the bogus Labour Leader, the Bolshevist, the Profiteer, the Slacker, the Pacifist, the time-serving Politician—and America. Let this fact be fully understood by the British people, and they will once more very soon show the metal of which they are made. All this talk about national bankruptcy is undiluted rot. We are as rich as ever—in many respects, richer than before the war—but our wealth is lying dormant; first, because the workers are not producing; and, secondly, because America is taking advantage of our war sacrifices and our troubles to get a start of us in all the markets of the world. I notice, however, that she is now having a taste of Labour troubles, and I am candid enough to express the hope that it will be a good, strong taste; then perhaps she will discard her present attitude of arrogance and commercial cynicism. Who, to-day, hears anything about Wilson's idealism and his Fourteen Points? I recall that splendid cartoon of our own artist, a few months ago, representing those fourteen points as the blades of fourteen bayonets—which are the only "points" our enemy could ever be made to understand. On the contrary, America is now out everywhere in her true colours as a great hustling commercial traveller, securing all the best orders, whilst we are still thinking about the appointment of our Consuls and unlocking the boxes containing the secret of our future war policy!

Rout Out the Culprits!

Meanwhile, what is Parliament, what is the Government, doing? We are asked to exercise the strictest economy, whilst Ministers of the Crown are setting the example of the most reckless and barefaced extravagance—our annual expenditure still being about ten times that of pre-war days. No wonder the recent Loan was a dismal failure, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is already preparing the way for further raids upon the pockets of the people. And all the time the workers remain sullen and unsettled; whilst people with money are looking for the opportunity of investing it in Canada and America. And yet I re-assert what I said last week: viz., that all this lamentable state of things could be remedied if only the Prime Minister would prove himself a Strong Man, shed the duds of the Treasury Bench, call to his assistance a few individuals with brains and enterprise and courage—and, above all things, *at once appoint a Director of Peace Propaganda* to counteract the mischievous activities of the scatter-brains, fanatics and sedition-mongers who are at present poisoning the minds of the working classes. Setting up Local Tribunals to deal with profiteering will not have much effect. Many of the members of such Tribunals will be local tradesmen, who are often themselves the very worst of profiteers, and who are not likely to look with very stern disapproval upon the practices of their own class—"dog does not eat dog"! I am still persuaded that the suggestion I made to the Food Controller some weeks' ago, to allow private individuals to institute prosecutions for profiteering, would have been the best and simplest solution, but that plan, of course, would have provided no new jobs and salaries for anyone! As it is, however, we must all do our best—and most certainly I shall—to bring before the Tribunals, and to get committed to the Magistrates for fine or imprisonment any scoundrel, be he wholesaler or retailer, manufacturer or merchant, who endeavours to batten upon the food, clothing, or other necessities of the people. Let my readers co-operate with me in this respect, and bring to my notice every case of gross overcharge which comes to their knowledge—and I will do the rest. And now, another word about America. I have already mentioned elsewhere that it is quite a common thing for the Yankees now to wear buttons bearing the inscription "We Did It"—the reference, of course, being to the winning of the war. That is the spirit which pervades the United States to-day—and Mr. Wilson is doing nothing to counteract it. I have before me a copy of the *New York Times*, in which I find an eminent Chicago Judge saying: "America won the war, and therefore has a right to dictate the terms of Peace." And that was the spirit which permeated the whole of the Peace negotiations in Paris. Mr. Wilson was always given the place of honour, and the American flag always flew in the most conspicuous position. And all the time her ships are busy catching up and gradually overtaking our own mercantile fleet, and she is quietly appropriating and using the German tonnage in her possession. What fools the Americans must think us! I do not want to be ungrateful. In war, as in all phases of human affairs, "every little helps," and no doubt America's little came in handy. How little it was can be best appreciated by comparing her casualty lists with those of the Allies, and the same remark applies to her expenditure. But nothing will get out of her head the idea that she intervened at the psychological moment, by a special dispensation of Providence, to bring the war to a successful conclusion. "The Yankees

"SOME" WA

After all, it appears, Dr. Bridges, the Po
It is entitled "Britannia Victrix," and
November 23rd last, and printed by the Oxford

Careless wast thou in thy pride,
Queen of seas and countries wide,
Glorying on thy peaceful throne—
Can thy love thy sins atone?
What shall dreams of glory serve,
If thy sloth thy doom deserve,
When the strong relentless foe
Storm thy gates to lay thee low?

Careless, ah! he saw thee leap
Mighty from thy startled sleep,
Heard afar thy challenge ring:
'Twas the world's awakening.

Welcome to thy children all
Rallying to thee without call
Oversea, the sportive sons
From thy vast dominions!
Stern in onset or defence,
Terrible in their confidence.

Dauntless wast thou, fair goddess,
'Neath the cloud of thy distress;
Fierce and mirthful wast thou seen
In thy toil and in thy teen;
While the nations looked to thee,
Spent in world-wide agony.

Oft, throughout that long ordeal
Dark with horror-stricken duty,
Nature on thy heart would steal
Beckoning thee with heavenly beauty,
Heightening ever on thine isle
All her seasons' tranquil smile;
Till thy soul anew converted,
Roaming o'er the fields deserted
By thy sorrow sanctified,
Found a place wherein to hide.

Soon fresh beauty lit thy face,
Then thou stood'st in Heaven's high grace—
Sudden in air on land and sea
Swell'd the voice of victory.

Now when jubilant bells resound
And thy sons come laurel-crown'd,
After all thy years of woe
Thou no longer canst forgo,
Now thy tears are loos'd to flow.

D 'RATS'?"

nd Over Here—Another Monopoly Scandal.

E EDITOR.

are Coming," was her battle-cry, and she really believes that it frightened the Germans into surrender! Listen, however, to Ludendorff, in one of his official despatches which has just come to light. It was written shortly before the collapse of November. And here is what he said: "Our men are not much troubled about the Americans, but they are very concerned about the British." And did not Marshal Foch, like the great man he is, endorse this fact during his recent visit to London? Well, now let us show our cousins "Over There" that we can be as redoubtable in peace as we were in war. "British-made" was always the best trade-mark in the world, and so, God willing—and the workers willing—it shall be again. But the Government must also play the game. There must be no hanky-panky and hole-and-corner business in connection with clearing up the aftermath of war. I do not, for instance, at all like the rumours which have reached me regarding the intention of the Government in connection with what is known as the "nitrogen problem." It is a highly technical subject, with the details of which I do not intend to trouble my readers. Put into a nutshell, this is the position: We were badly off for nitrogen compounds for munitions and agriculture when the war broke out, and Germany was well off. Without these compounds we could not make certain explosives, nor could we find the proper means to feed the soil of England for agricultural purposes. And so a big and imposing Committee was set up to discover the best means of supplying our needs. On that Committee sat many noted scientists and experts. Thousands of pounds was spent in inquiry and in experiments, and quite early it was reported that the research work undertaken "foreshadowed the possibility of developments of permanent value to the country." Now, that Report was issued in November, 1917, but the work of investigation and experiment continued down to the Armistice.

WAR POEM!

The Poet Laureate, HAS *written a Victory Ode. and was, apparently, churned out on Oxford University Press. Here it is:*

Land, dear land, whose sea-built shore
Nurseth warriors evermore,
Land, whence Freedom far and lone
Round the earth her speech has thrown
Like a planet's luminous zone,—
In thy strength and calm defiance
Hold mankind in love's alliance!

Beauteous art thou, but the foes
Of thy beauty are not those
Who lie tangled and dismay'd:
Fearless one, be yet afraid
Lest thyself thyself condemn
In the wrong that ruin'd them.

God, who chose thee and upraised
'Mong the folk (His name be praised!)
Proved thee then by chastisement
Worthy of His high intent,
Who, because thou could'st endure
Saved thee free and purged thee pure,
Won thee thus His grace to win,
For thy love forgave thy sin,
For thy truth forgave thy pride,
Queen of seas and countries wide,—
He who led thee still will guide.

Hark! thy sons, those spirits fresh
Dearly housed in dazzling flesh,
Thy full brightening buds of strength,
Ere their day had any length
Crush'd, and fallen in torment sorest,
Hark! the sons whom thou deplorest
Call—I hear one call; he saith:
"Mother, weep not for my death;
'Twas to guard our home from hell,
'Twas to make thy joy I fell
Praising God, and all is well.
What if now thy heart should quail
And in peace our victory fail!
If low greed in guise of right
Rout and rive thy gather'd might,
And thy power mankind to save
Fall and perish on our grave!
On my grave, whose legend be
Fought with the brave and joyfully
Died in faith of victory.
Follow on the way we won!
Thou hast found, not lost, thy son."

Another Monopoly Scandal?

Notice what happens. Another, and a final, Report was made dated May of this year. It is marked "Confidential"; it consists of most valuable information, running to hundreds of pages; it is a priceless and bulky document. But for some reason—and much more may be heard on the subject—that Report has not been published. Why? I am told that copies of it have found their way to America, and that our trade rivals there are busy on producing what is called synthetic nitrates—the thing which makes crops grow and turns land into gold—and are already using the information provided at the cost—and an immense cost it was—of the British taxpayer. The conclusions of that Committee may be of incalculable value to the British agriculturist. It is one of the first essentials of our prosperity and our security that we should grow more and more of the food we eat. Nitrates feed the soil, which in turn produces the grain which feeds us. Fuller knowledge of these soil-feeding substances is of the utmost importance to the farmer. The costly investigation which took place was undertaken not for the benefit of America, but of the British nation. Why, then, is that Report still withheld, and why have the Government taken no action upon it? And then as to the ugly rumours which reach me. Someone must make these nitrogenous fertilisers. There is a fortune in them; and there are many British firms who could undertake the business. Yet it is suggested that one firm—and one firm alone—is to be given the monopoly. I will not, at this stage, mention the name of that firm, and I sincerely trust rumour is lying. But if my information proves to be true, then let the Government look out for trouble. They have been "asking for it" for months past.

More and More Revelations.

Half the difficulties with which we are confronted are due to the growing mistrust of the Government and to the unearthing every other day of new and gross scandals of administration. Wicked, reckless, prodigal waste, with corruption lurking in the background—that is what the nation sees; and seeing, grows more and more angry and impatient. It remembers the four millions squandered in national shipyards, the gross waste of nearly two millions at Slough, the six millions thrown in the gutter at Gretna Green, and now it is presented with the National Expenditure Committee's Report on the accounts of the Air Ministry. That Report is a terrible revelation of scandals and wrong doing, of departmental insolence in the face of authority, and of incidents which can only be accounted for by suspicion of graft and greed. What can be more disquieting to the public than to know that the Lord Advocate of Scotland refused to prosecute in the case of a fraudulent conspiracy in which Government and contractors' men were involved and the contractor himself suspected, because, in the words of this member of His Majesty's Government, it would "reveal what appeared to be inefficiency on the part of the representatives of the Ministry"? Who can wonder that one of Miss Douglas Pennant's women inspectors was sacked for finding out things? Not long ago I championed the cause of Miss Douglas Pennant, who was dismissed by the Air Ministry because she was too efficient. These revelations of the Expenditure Committee cast a lurid light on the ways of the Air Ministry, and incidentally bring into bold relief the name of Colonel Bersey, who—according to Miss Pennant, was at the bottom of all her trouble. And the person who jumped from a humble Lieutenant to a Lieut.-Col. in one day is the same person who flouted the request of the Committee for his attendance! Now we can understand why the Cabinet has so long fought against Miss Pennant's demand for a Committee of Inquiry into her case. All this sort of thing leaves a nasty taste in the national mouth. And the rumours of preferential treatment in the case of the nitrogen products are equally disquieting. We had enough of this sort of thing with Mr. Leverton Harris and his firm—and "there are others." Let there be a square deal between the Government and the nation, and between Capital and Labour, all working loyally together in co-operation with the Director of Peace Propaganda, and then—slightly to vary our old Shakespearean war slogan—Come the three corners of the world in *trade*, and we shall *beat 'em*; nought shall make us rue if the *people* to themselves do rest but true!

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "John Bull" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

The "Great Unpaid."

Is it not time that the powers that be consider the advisibility of replacing J.P.s with qualified men, or drawing up a scale of sentences for different crimes? The majority of the "great unpaid" are old men suffering from senile decay, and they cannot discriminate between the defilers of children, torturers of dumb animals and the poor wanderer without a home, or a petty thief.—L. Gilbert, Fernbrook Road, Lewisham.

(*This is a very old grievance, and there can be no doubt that the whole system of the Commission of Peace requires careful revision.*)

"This is a Free Country."

Now that Germany has signed and ratified the Peace Treaty, "it is understood that all alien enemies will have a choice of residence, and they will *not* be prohibited from re-establishing their businesses in the district of their choice." Yet when an ex-Service man wants to open a business, he has to struggle through the entanglements of red-tape before he can obtain permission to do so.—J. G. Raymond, Fairycombe Street, Godalming.

(*We will certainly bear this point in mind when the Alien Restriction Bill comes up on Report.*)

America's "Business" Post Office.

Scarcely has Peace been signed than we find the American Post Office reducing the cost of sending letters to Great Britain, so now we see business firms sending out their tempting and novel missives, two following the first letter, at the same cost as sending two letters from this country; whilst it costs us more to send an order by the post to a town only one mile distant than an American firm in San Francisco over seven thousand miles to try and get the same order out of us.—W. S. Royston, Paddington, near Warrington.

(*We must have a word with the Premier about this.*)

Unionists and Ex-Soldiers.

Had we lost the war, the miners and others would be marched to work in gangs, helped along by the butt of a German rifle. Instead of an eight-hour day, it would most likely be 18 hours, and no money for overtime. They should, therefore, gladly agree to let the non-union sailor and soldier work side by side with them for a period, say, of five years. Then give them a chance of passing the usual trade test with a view to becoming union men.—Thos. S. Curvill, Kimberley Road, Gillingham.

(*A good point, this, for the Director of Peace Propaganda—when we get him.*)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. A Clemville.

Curb the Profiteers!

In Queensland an hotelkeeper, convicted for selling adulterated beer or spirits, must exhibit a notice to that effect in a prominent position on his premises for a year. Why not make the profiteers who are convicted of over-charging do the same? It would put customers on their guard, and have far more effect in preventing further offence than a fine alone.—F. R. Morris, Lancaster Gate, London.

(*An excellent suggestion, which we must try to get incorporated in the Bill now before Parliament.*)

To Prevent Unreasonable Strikes.

I suggest that legislation be passed making it compulsory, in the event of a trade dispute, where a strike is to be balloted for or against, for every Trades Union to allow a married man *two* votes to the single man's *one*. If there are two or more children, give the married man *three* votes. To those who have had anything to do with strikes statistics, it is well-known that it is the *single* men who are responsible for the majority of strikes. *They* can live on strike pay (and therefore often strike without good reason), where a married man and his family can't even *exist* on it.—A. Clemville, South View Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea.

(*What say Messrs. Smillie, Williams and Hodges to this?*)

Burn Peat!

There is an abundance of peat in Ireland, and also in this country; and whether the miners return to work or not, I am confident that a very remunerative industry could be established in peat fuel. From the blast-furnace to the kitchen fire, peat kiln-dried would be found far preferable to coal in many respects—and in its principal feature, that of producing heat, peat properly treated is far ahead of coal, especially the kind which we have been obliged to burn of late. The process is not costly or difficult.—G. Newham-Macklin, Tarry Road, Alum Rock, Saltley.

(*We must pass this suggestion on to the Coal Controller.*)

"Retired" Profiteers.

What about bringing to book all those profiteers who made pots of money out of poor Tommy's dependents and other hard-working people all through the war? Some of them have retired from business and are living in comfort on their ill-gotten gains. Why not hound *them* down, and make them hand over their surplus profits to help blind and disabled soldiers?—R. Jenkins, Cyntwell, near Cardiff.

(*These people have probably by now been either raised to the peerage or made O.B.E.s.*)

Leaders and Men.

It is difficult to obtain from strikers a concise statement of what *exactly* they are on "strike" for, but one thing they do know—whilst on strike they only get "strike pay." But the salaries of their leaders go on as usual. I think that if the leaders were put on "strike-pay" with the men, strikes would not last so long—neither would they be so prevalent.—Robt. J. Sanders, Mushroom Lane, Sheffield.

(*Another point for Smillie, Williams and Hodges!*)

Bolshevik "Liberty."

Many readers of John Bull wish, Sir, you would *specially concentrate* your powerful pen upon the enlightenment of our workmen regarding the "liberty" Russian workers are already "enjoying." Compelled to labour without any choice of place, work or hours, legitimate striking barred, shot by scores and hundreds upon slightest resistance! Their "heaven-born" Government, too, was to put an end to all the fighting Russians were so weary of.—W. J. Rudd, Marlboro' Square, Gt. Yarmouth.

(*Yet another point for Smillie, Williams and Hodges—and also for the Director of Propaganda!*)

Triple Alliance and "Conscience."

We, as members of the N.U.R. and therefore of the Triple Alliance, are to be asked to vote (amongst other things) for the release of the "Conchies," and, if necessary, to "down tools" for their release. The elastic "conscience" of the T.A. has not reached the lads who were imprisoned for some misdemeanour in the field; for example, falling asleep at their post when completely worn out by a long and weary vigil. If the release of the "Conchies" is essential to Labour, then labour is in a perilous state indeed. Let "Heroes before Cowards" be our motto.—Wm. F. Emerson, Railway Cottages, Leadgate, Co. Durham.

(*We are calling the attention of the Prime Minister to this matter before the House rises.*)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

A QUIET WEEK'S RACING.

By "THE SQUIRE."

A week or two ago I pointed out that it was a mistaken idea to suppose there was any real shortage of horses in training, and that I had the soundest of grounds for holding this view is now evidenced by the surprising number of entries that have been secured for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. It will, however, be time enough to think of the two big back-end handicaps when the weights appear. Possibly the result of the Doncaster St. Leger will shed some light on both popular events. Concerning the last of the Classics, there seems to be very little interest manifest in it. I cannot learn of a single bet so far having been made on the "Sellinger," and no reliable market appears to have been formed at the London Clubs. Perchance I shall have some news to impart in next week's issue.

With no event of outstanding interest to be decided at either Sandown Park or Windsor, I need only suggest that the Castle Handicap on Friday may be disputed by Limpsfield and the rapidly-improving Gadtuna. The former may appreciate the mile-and-a-half better than the long tiring Goodwood Plate course, hence my preference for him.

I am sure all my readers will be glad to see the Editor's horses doing so well in Belgium, but it is of course impossible to "get on" over here, otherwise I should undoubtedly advise following the enterprising little Dicker stable during the rest of the season.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Kempton Park (Sandown).—Wednesday.
Greenwood Welter—Bergleuse.
Bedfont Plate—La Dauphine.
International Plate—*Paloma Colt.

Kempton Park (Sandown).—Thursday.
Princess Plate—*Best Born.
Round Course Welter—Princess Moriskia.
Maiden Plate—Bruce Lodge.
St. James' Plate—Alderton.

Redcar—Wednesday.
Kirkleatham Plate—Double Bed.
Redcar Stakes—*Chrysopolis.

Redcar.—Thursday.
Redcar Handicap—*John Jacket.
Wilton Plate—Duffy.

Windsor.—Friday.
Flying Handicap—Somerset Lassie.
Castle Handicap—Limpsfield.
Club Plate—*Charleville.

Windsor.—Saturday.
Clewer Plate—*Lady Peg.
Windsor Summer Handicap—Mapledurham.
Meadow Welter—Troutsdale.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Yorkshire Evening News":—
"A certain Leeds angler had just one crowded hour on the Wharfe last Thursday afternoon. . . He spun and spun for two solid hours for one nine-inch trout."

"Daily Mirror" (serial story):—
"Shirley raised herself on an inquiring elbow and smiled."

"Motherwell Times":—
"The weekly ration per head (of butter) will be reduced from 2 cwts. to 1¼ ozs."

"Midland Daily Telegraph":—
"A woman inmate of the Rye Workhouse won £4 by catching a greasy pin in the local Peace celebration sports."

"Times":—
"The Admiralty have for sale a number of non-rigid warships and portable sheds."

"Western Mail" (advertisement):—
"Issue of 250,000 Shares of £1 each . . . The Directors are not contemplating the raking of any further Calls."

"Star":—
"Mrs. Philip Young, of Blaenavon, who decently gave birth to triplets, has received the King's bounty."

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"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Our Canteen Profiteers:—The Navy and Army Canteen Board are now cudgelling their brains as to how they may dispose of the many millions they made out of Tommy and Jack by official profiteering. A Select Committee is sitting to inquire into the matter, and the demobilised man can only say, "Well, there; while I was serving they diddled me out of my money, and now they are honest enough to inquire as to how they may dispose of the boodle—but that's no good to me."

For Inquiry:—The Navy and Army Canteens Board can supply the men on the Rhine and the soldiers in France with only unsmokable cigarettes, bearing weird and hitherto unknown names. The tobacconists' shops in France and Germany are stocked with the favourite "fags," for which the lads have to pay exorbitant prices. Why? If the Boche trader can get the best-known brands, surely the Canteens Board can. Or is it that our soldiers are outcasts, and the enemy people are entitled to most favoured nation treatment?

Back the Boche!—While on the subject of the profiteering Canteens Board, we wish to ask if it is a fact that our Government Department is stocking and selling to our troops *German* cameras. Our information drives us to the conclusion that some of our officials are doing their best to create that sort of feeling which ends in revolution.

The Labourers:—More sheaves of letters from the men in the labour companies in France! They are a hard-bitten lot, but many of them buck against the hardships they are called upon to undergo. For instance, the P. O. W. guards are numerically too weak and are considerably overworked, whilst the transport and supply department is not up to its job. Will the General in command hold an inquiry in the Ypres area? Is it by his orders that Officers are told that if they do not work their men to the last ounce they will be "jacketed"?

The Inoculation Craze:—In Germany we are still insisting upon inoculating our soldiers and punishing them for refusal, although the operation is not compulsory. Will the War Office realise that we are living in "democratic" days?

"JACK."

A Hardship:—Skippers of drifters who volunteered for mine-sweeping and other duties in the seven seas, being now demobilised, are not allowed the Unemployment Donation. Their vessels have been turned into trawlers, the masters of which require a special Board of Trade ticket. The fine old shell-backs are thus penalised. The Government should certainly help them without delay.

Leave at Chatham:—By whose orders has leave to our bluejackets at Chatham been stopped? The yarn is that the measure has been taken to save railway coal; but no trains have been cut out. In any case, it is unfair that, if travelling is to be curtailed, Jack should be the first to suffer.

Hun Remembered, Jack Forgotten:—A native of Denmark writes to us stating that, after the battle of the Skagerack, bodies of English and German sailors were picked up and buried in the Skaw Churchyard. The Germans have erected a monument over their men, but no step has yet been taken to do similar honour to our heroes, some of whom went down with H.M.S. *Ardent*. We have an Army Graves Department; have we one for the Navy?

Somebody's Brain Wave:—The Naval Adviser at the Ministry of Labour, St. Ermin's Hotel, is looking for discharged naval officers desirous of securing splendid jobs. He offers to have them posted to the Universal Accommodation Bureau, for the purpose of "obtaining accommodation for the travelling and holiday-making public, and obtaining clients for hotels and boarding-houses registered with the above-mentioned Bureau"!

Some Insult!—The applicant must have "energy and tact," but no pay will be given until two or three months after the naval officer and gentlemen have accepted the excellent post. The Naval Adviser states, without a blush, that he is not at liberty to give further details, nor can he offer a guarantee of the financial success of the scheme, or be responsible for any failures. The headquarters of the "bureau" are in the Brixton Road. Is the Minister of Labour in favour of this scheme—or shall we say this insult to our retired naval officers?

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The Same Old Game:—We get complaint after complaint from married Badgers seeking employment, who are offered impossible jobs hundreds of miles from their homes, which would entail keeping two establishments. The latest case to come under our notice is that of a Watford ex-sailor, who was asked to take up work 200 miles away; refusing, he was summoned to the Court of Referees and told that his donation would be disallowed. This is certainly not justice.

Quick Work:—The letters of complaint handed in by us to the Select Committee on Pensions in the House of Commons were forwarded to the Ministry to be "probed." One of them referred to the case of Private McE——, of the Gordon Highlanders, who on 30th June was officially informed by the Department that he was not entitled to a pension. But, lo and behold! The day after we handed in the particulars he was notified that his case had been "reconsidered," and he was awarded a pension of 13s. 9d. a week for thirteen weeks, and 11s. a week for 39 weeks, with 20 per cent. added! Had this man not sent us his case, he would still have been tossing up in his mind whether it was better to be a Briton or a Bolshevist.

The Gallant 24th:—Welshmen will be pleased to learn that it has been decided to raise a memorial to all ranks of the South Wales Borderers who fell during the late campaign. The Hon. Sec. of the Memorial Fund at Brecon Barracks will be pleased to receive subscriptions. We are sure that the Taffies will remember Isandula and Flanders and "down with the dust."

Bird Men Wanted:—The Royal Air Force is out to enlist men, those who have served in the unit being preferred. The pay and pensions are excellent, and those who join will be trained for a life job.

Soldiers Last:—We were delighted to note that, as a consequence of our pillory of employers who penalised men for having served in the Army, the evil slacked down. It is again showing its head, and we fear that we must resume giving the unpatriotic ones a touch of the whip.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Now that Peace has been declared, we are desirous of extending the operations of this Fund to civilian sufferers, and have obtained the necessary authority to do so. All subscriptions received up to this date, however, will be applied to purely Army and Navy cases, but future moneys will be applicable to any cases of hardship which, from time to time, come before us.

—Horatio Bottomley.

Our Widened Scope:—We would direct attention to the sub-heading appearing above, which indicates a widening of the objects of our Fund, under official permission. Applications from non-service families in distress reach us daily, and there are indications that the coming winter will be a time of abnormal want and destitution. Much extra pressure will fall upon our Fund—but we face the future cheerfully, confident that the good friends who have assisted us in the past will see us through any difficulties that may arise in our efforts to help the fallen ones.

Did not "Live in a Shoe":—A soldier and his helpmeet did good service to the State by presenting it with eighteen children, six of whom are still dependents. Some time ago the fine old soldier, who was an instructor, met with an accident to his head and is now in an asylum, his wife and children continuing to live in a shop that was empty, as no money was forthcoming, and the poor family had existed on the stock. We took immediate steps, and sent assistance that has lifted the burden which weighed down the stricken mother.

Buried:—The usual quota of soldiers died uninsured, risking the burial of the pauper—which we prevented.

"Almost Starving":—When the case of a soldier's widow and three young children was placed before us, we were told that they were "almost starving." The statement was only too true, the family existing on 10s. a week, and most of the home having been sold up to keep the pot boiling.

Hungry and in Rags:—Another soldier's widow and children were hungry, almost bootless and in rags. The woman herself is disabled with heart disease.

Labour Market Victims:—Ex-soldiers who cannot obtain work and whose families are consequently in distress, apply to us daily. In cases where the men get employment, it is often necessary to help them to release their clothing from the pawnshop.

After the War:—A discharged soldier, without pension, is crippled with rheumatism. He has a wife and family, and no money is coming in.

Our Friend Jack:—Several bluejackets applied—a class that would not come to us unless *in extremis*. Our naval men have always helped our Fund, although Jack has made little demand upon it. Few regiments or companies are so generous—although, as our friends know, the great bulk of applicants are men of the Army and their dependents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN? EVERY PENNY COUNTS.

(*Active hostilities have ceased, but requests for help have grown in number and continue to grow. Please do your bit to assist us to meet these new demands. Every penny subscribed goes in relief, all expenses being gladly borne by us.*)

E. M. (Kettering), 2s.; A. S. (Harrogate), 2s. 6d.; Surplus of Patrol Fund, Shakespeare Drive, Westcliff (per J. A. B.), 2s. 6d.; "Mother and Daughter" (Hounslow), 4s.; J. P. (Glasgow), 1s.; E. T. W. (Plymouth), 5s.; G. W. (Manchester), 2s.; C. S. (Chiswick), 3s.; M. A. G. (Bradford), 5s.; Chief Petty Officers, H.M.S. *Berwick*, £2 2s.; "In Memory of L/Cpl. Lee Taylor," 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Contents of Victualling Office Swear Box, H.M.S. *Berwick*, 10s.; "In Honour of the Dead," 10s.; "Red Dragon," £1; "A Teacher," 2s. 6d.; "Matt and Elsie," £1; L. G. (Southsea), 5s. 6d.; M. M. (Hambrook), 3s.; B. H. (Liscard), 2s. 6d.; "Sailor's Wife," 1s.; "A Soldier's Four Little Boys," 4s.; T. P. (Whitchurch), 1s. 5d.; Members of 35 Mess, H.M.S. *Defiance*, 10s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; R. S. W. (Sheffield), £1; Mrs. A. S. (Canada), £1 1s.; "In Memory of Our Only Son, W. J. S." (Borrowash), 10s.; H. R. (Devonport), 1s.; C. H. (W. Kensington), 6d.; A. B., 10s.; C. J. (Cumberland), 10s.; T. R. (Dorset), 2s. 6d.; "A Reader of 13 Years" (Denmark Hill), 10s.; F. P., 1s.; A. L., 1s.; H. T., 1s.; "In Loving Memory of Ernest," 1s.; C. G. A. (Nelson), 6d.; G. W. J. (Muswell Hill), 10s. 6d.; H. B (Camberwell), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 2s.; "One Who Knows," 2s. 6d.; W. N. S. (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; J. C. L., £2 2s.; Anon., 5s.; J. McL., 2s. 6d.; S. W. (Bristol), 5s.; S. O. (Birmingham), 5s.; Mrs. S., 1s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however given official printed receipts, and the amounts are regularly collected—again all expenses being gladly borne by the proprietors of this journal.

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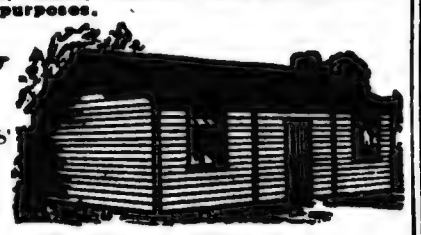

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Anarchy running Wild!—Secure your home against wanton damage, free of cost.—See page 20.

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

Marconi.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs had a rather depressing message to give to the shareholders of the Marconi Company last week. It is a most amazing thing that while the country's money is being squandered in a way that has never previously been heard of, on all kinds of wild-cat schemes and on a leech-like bureaucracy that has no limits to its exactions, every honest claim for compensation is turned down. The Marconi Company have performed the most valuable services during the war and it is disgraceful that the company should have to embark on fresh litigation to enforce its just rights. That means heavy out-of-pocket expenses, but in addition the diversion of the energies of the staff is of even greater importance.

British Glass.

This company proposes to make an effort to capture a portion of the glass trade which formerly went to Germany and Austria. It is a worthy ambition and I wish it success, although I should like to see it more strongly backed. Why does not the Government help?

Steady Boys. Steady!

There has been too great a rush of new issues recently, and it is perhaps just as well that the holiday period has intervened to check the flow. Industries want reviving in all directions to keep the finances of the nation from serious danger, but many of the schemes put forward recently would not deserve support even in normal times and in present circumstances some of them are positively wicked. We shall win through all right when the nervous strain becomes more relaxed, but for the present money should be put into only the most urgently required channels.

Foreign Premium Bonds.

Before the war a large amount of business was done in foreign Premium Bonds, but the market has necessarily dried up almost completely during the past five years. Unfortunately a large number of people bought their bonds through agencies of a not very reputable character, most of which have disappeared. Such concerns generally undertook to watch drawings and keep the purchasers advised about the position of the various bonds, but these services have fallen entirely into abeyance and holders find the greatest difficulty in obtaining any information as to interest, payments, drawings, etc. To make matters worse, the Post Office, for some obscure reason, placed an embargo on communications to or from Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell & Co., of Paris, who were one of the largest dealers in Premium Bonds, and although this has now been removed the firm must naturally look after the interests of its own clients first. Messrs. Davies & Co., 23, Finch Lane, E.C., are agents for a Paris paper, issued fortnightly, which gives lists of drawings; but it would scarcely pay the small bondholder to become a subscriber. Bankers like the Credit Lyonnais will not undertake to watch the lists except for their own customers. In these circumstances I can only advise holders to have patience till business is resumed on the old lines and it will be worth agents' while to advise the drawing of particular numbers for a commission. Meantime holders may be re-assured that in practically all cases their bonds are quite genuine, that arrears of interest will be paid, and that if any of their numbers have been drawn for a prize the money will be kept quite safely until it is claimed by production of the correct bond.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All inquiries must be accompanied by a postal order for 1s., and bear the full name and address of correspondent as evidence of good faith.)

B.O. Club (Cologne).—*Nakamun Asphalte and Oil:* Shares absolutely worthless, as readers of John Bull were repeatedly warned at the time.——A. T. (Clifton).—*Victory Bonds:* I am afraid your idea is impracticable, owing to the enormous amount of bookkeeping it would involve. Better be content with War Savings Certificates.——Bucks (Slough).—*Dividends:* The Gamage dividend (8 per cent.) was paid in June; Globe and Phœnix, 1s. each, in May and July.——Anxious (Sheffield).—*Panama Bonds:* Quite safe; Cunliffe, Russell and Co., are thoroughly reliable.——J. A. P. (Nuneaton).—Name of stock-broker sent you by post.——W. B. (Blyth).—*British Mining Co.:* Extremely doubtful, but you might have difficulty in avoiding payment of further calls.——J. S. (Sunderland).—*Northumberland Rubber Co.:* The shares look a cheap speculation at present prices.——Mrs. M. L. (Newport).—*Oil Trust:* Decidedly speculative, but the outlook for oil is promising. I do not recommend you to gamble with outside brokers.——Skulka (Barston).—*Roubles:* You might find a speculative purchaser at 3d. or 4d., but it would be better to keep them and await developments. It is possible that better terms could be obtained in Persia.——R. B. M. (Saltcoats).—*Algiers Oil Trusts:* The company has disappeared; shares valueless.——J. F. (Leeds).—*Investment:* Very few safe industrial shares yield more than 7 per cent. and your capital is too small to speculate with. Better stick to War Savings Certificates.——W. G. B. (Devonport).—*Limore Tin:* Better take your profit; dividend prospects very doubtful.——R. R. T. (Harrow).—*National Improved Housing:* Very speculative and I do not recommend a purchase.——Mrs. M. W. (Putney).—*Consols:* If bought through the Post Office, get it to sell for you; if not, you will have to employ a bank or broker. The present price is round 51, so you will get only about £102 for your holding.——R. B. (Larbert).—*Burmah Oil:* You can get shares only by buying them in the market; the present price is about £14. *Belgian Bonds:* Write to the Syndic, Brussels, stating the numbers of your bonds.——W. B. H. (Prescot).—*Panama Bond:* I am afraid your one-fortieth share is quite valueless, as the original bond was no doubt disposed of when the paper ceased to exist.

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AIRMAN
NATIONAL RESERVIST
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MARCONI: MR. GODFREY ISAACS DEMANDS A PUBLIC INQUIRY.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, the managing director of the Marconi Company, in addressing the shareholders at the general meeting held on the 7th inst., said:—

"I demand that before more money is squandered on the imperial wireless stations, an inquiry be held to investigate the extraordinary procedure of the Post Office, and to elicit on whose guilty shoulders lies the responsibility for their attitude with regard to the imperial chain."

Mr. Isaacs went on to say that we have not been able to arrive at any settlement with the Post Master General for our war services. The Marconi Company has made many attempts to arrive at a reasonable settlement.

Mr. Isaacs proceeded to say that "painful as it is to have to sue a Government department under a petition of right, you will not be surprised that we have again be driven into new proceedings, and are threatened once more with being forced into a court of law, expending large sums in costs, and wasting the time of the Company's officials.

TO-DAY THE MARCONI COMPANY ARE WILLING TO NEGOTIATE, BUT THE QUESTION IS, Are the Government?

Following is an abridged report of the meeting:

Senatora Marconi, who was present at the meeting, received an enthusiastic welcome, and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, in moving the adoption of the report, said the net profit amounted to nearly £598,000, which was approximately £215,000 more than in 1917. They were paying a final dividend of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares and 15 per cent. on the Preference shares. After speaking of the progress of the associated companies and remarking that there were other companies in the course of formation in other parts of the world, about which he hoped to be able to say more next year, the Chairman said he must leave the bed of roses and deal with the more thorny aspects of their business at home. He was sorry to tell them once more that the Board had not been able to arrive at any settlement with His Majesty's Postmaster-General, in respect to the services which they rendered during the war. The Official Secrets Act, and a sense of patriotism prevented his reading a full record of the company's services to the Empire, but he could say it was one of which they had every right to be proud. Yet they had not been able to obtain anything approaching what they deemed a reasonable offer for such of the work they had done for which payment could and should be made. They had asked the Post-Office to pay them for 80,000,000 words intercepted and reported day and night since the outbreak of war to as many, sometimes, as forty different addresses directed by the Government. This work was done under the most difficult of circumstances, either under direct instructions from the Government or at the company's suggestion, made as the result of its observations of altered enemy tactics. Enemy fixed and portable stations, naval stations comprising service ships, submarines and aircraft, had all had to be dealt with. They designed entirely new receiving apparatus to meet the continually changing circumstances and counteract enemy activities. Some of the ablest of the company's engineers devoted their whole time to this work. The nature of the interception work, owing to the absence of facilities for calling for repetitions, was very difficult, particularly when it was borne in mind that half of the traffic was in cypher. They were further handicapped by the absence of knowledge as to which stations would be sending messages or with what wave lengths they would work. Yet everything was carried out to the complete satisfaction and appreciation of the Government departments served. Since the armistice they had been conducting simpler and easier work for another Government department, which had fixed threepence a word as a reasonable rate of pay but for the much more difficult and onerous work they did for the Post Office, they had not been able to obtain an offer of more than what amounted to approximately one and one-fifth of a penny per word. This was not only offered as remuneration for their services, but was also to cover compensation for their having been deprived of the use of the whole of their stations except Clifden during the whole of the war. The offers left but a very small margin over the actual out-of-pocket expenditure. They had made many attempts to arrive at a reasonable settlement, and would willingly have made a sacrifice in order to ensure the good relations which it was the company's aim to maintain with all Government departments, but all to no avail. Shareholders, therefore, would not be surprised that they had again been driven to commence new proceedings and were threatened once more with being forced into a court of law, expending large sums in legal costs, and wasting the time of the important officials of the company whose energy and time were required to successfully run the vast machinery of the world-wide organisation.

The Chairman then dealt with the proceedings which had recently terminated, and described how the claim submitted by them was compiled. When they got into court the Post Office set up the defence, first that between 1914 and 1919, even had the stations been erected, they would have been entitled to no royalties, because, they said, the company would not have been allowed to conduct a commercial service during the war. He left it to the shareholders to form an opinion on that point. Then the Post Office contended that subsequent to 1919 all the essential Marconi patents would have expired, and they could conduct a service without any of the later improvements which the company might introduce, and would consequently cease to pay any royalties to the company. This contention was ample justification for the mistrust which the company had expressed on the manner in which the Post Office intended to carry out the contract. Thirdly, the Post Office put forward this extraordinary proposition that the wireless chain of stations could never have secured the traffics for which the contract made provision and which the Marconi Company anticipated, for had it done so the cable companies would have suffered and the Post Office would have increased the wireless tariffs in order to protect the cable companies. And what about the public and the all-important industrial interests of the Empire? They mattered nothing to the Post Office; their first duty was to protect the cable companies.

Speaking of the way in which the Post Office endeavoured to improve its eleventh-hour case, he said the Post Office called an engineer who had been in the employ of the Poulsen Company, who prepared overnight a specification which, it was contended, would enable the Post Office to construct stations without using any unexpired Marconi patents. This contention was very serious, and had it been successful might have cost the company over £600,000, but after some trouble counsel for the company succeeded in forcing the consent to break the seals of this secret patent. It proved to be identical with the provisional patent applied for by the Marconi Company in 1903. The witness who produced the secret patent and swore to its efficiency was in the company's employ in 1903. The secret patent was one which the company itself had abandoned, and the judge said that the calling of the witness was a pure waste of time.

There were two other incidents of importance which he considered it his duty to place before the meeting. The Post Office, who put forward the contention that they could use a Poulsen Arc for transmission for the Empire chain of stations, and could otherwise do without Marconi patents, desired to call a French Government witness to give evidence to that effect. A step better calculated to ruin the Marconi Company at home and abroad, had it succeeded, it would be difficult to conceive. The first step towards obtaining the French Government's assistance was taken by a Member of Parliament who was primarily responsible for the delay in the construction of the Imperial chain of stations in 1912. The French Government, with courtesy, could could not refuse to send over the officer in charge of the Eiffel Tower station to give evidence. He was not called as a witness because he would not give the evidence the Post Office required of him. In fact he would have disproved the Post Office's case. The Poulsen Arc had proved a failure for commercial wireless telegraphy, and was being superseded in French stations by up-to-date inventions. The Post Office completely failed to make out their case. Their own witness, Mr. Swinburn, an eminent scientific expert, said the Marconi Company had made great improvements in wireless telegraphy in recent years, and still led the world in the development of the art. Mr. Justice Lawrence, in giving his award, said it represented the full royalty which he thought the company would have received during the full term of twenty-eight years specified by the contract. This meant that the judge was satisfied that the specification submitted by the Post Office would not render the erection of the stations possible without using Marconi patents, that the Poulson Arcs would not provide an efficient form of transmission, and that the Post Office would have required to use Marconi patents.

If the Post Office and the company had failed to arrive at an agreement in consequence of a genuine divergence of opinion as to the value of the contract, it might have been hoped that the judge's award would have opened the way to a simple and straightforward course in the interests of the country. One might have thought that the Post Office would have said to the company that they should make another attempt to arrive at an agreement.

It was known to the Post Office that they had again offered to build the Imperial chain of stations at their own expense, as they had offered to do in 1910; that they had suggested if Government control were still deemed necessary, an arrangement could be come to by which this could be achieved, without losing the advantage of the stations being built and worked by private enterprise. The Post Office took no such course. They went to Parliament for a supplementary vote of £170,000, and the following morning caused an inspired announcement to appear in the "Daily Mail" to the following effect:—"The Post Office engineers are installing a system which they say is free of all existing Marconi patents, and no royalties will be payable to the Marconi Company." He would say without hesitation this could not be done; and after the hearing before Mr. Justice Lawrence the Post Office must know that it could not be done. What was it that they were proposing? They said: "For transmission we will erect Poulson arcs, the original patent of which expired last year. The French Government say: We have tried this; it is a failure. We are pulling out the Poulson arc. But that does not matter; we, the Post Office, will avoid paying Marconi royalties at any cost. For reception, we will use the expired Marconi patents. For avoiding interference we will employ the Admiralty secret patent—an abandoned Marconi invention of 1903." The Post Office engineers admitted that they knew little or nothing about the long-distance wireless telegraphy, and had had no experience of it. They were going to start building the Imperial stations by experimenting with obsolete systems. What matters to them that they threw away £600,000 of public money; that they delayed the provision of an efficient Imperial chain of stations for another nine years; that the supplementary vote of £170,000 and further large sums to be spent to no purpose; that other nations were contracting for the construction of stations embracing all the important scientific improvements discovered up to the latest moment? The art as it was known in 1904 was good enough, the Post Office thought, for the British Empire. Would the British public think so? Would this watertight Government department be allowed to adopt this suicidal policy and in its ineptitude raise the price of telegrams to cover its failure, as it proposed to raise the price of telephones?

The Chinese were to have the benefit of the latest Marconi invention and of the company's research work year by year, but the British Post Office would have none of it. What the company did fourteen years ago would do for them, and they would pay no royalties to the Marconi Company.

That was the crux of the whole question—no royalties for the Marconi Company—and why? What had been the crime of the Marconi Company? When war broke out they placed the whole of their resources at the disposal of the country; they had rendered services surpassed by none. The country's need came first. To-day they were willing to negotiate again, but the Post Office said: "The country shall lose its £600,000; it shall have worthless, obsolete stations, built by inexperienced Post Office engineers, but we will tell all the foreign Governments, your customers, that the British Post Office can do without Marconi patents; no royalties will be payable to the Marconi Company." "This marks a revolution in wireless services," the "Daily Mail" was caused to say.

Was not all this sufficient evidence that a genuine divergence of opinion was not the cause of their failing to arrive at an agreement? Was it not clear that there was something else behind this inexplicable conduct from the Post Office? He would say emphatically that had the Post Office wanted to arrive at an agreement there would have been no Petition of Right, there would have been no arbitration, and no award. Their conduct and attitude ever since Mr. Herbert Samuel left office had been inexplicable, and had resulted in a great waste of public money. He demanded that before more money was squandered upon the Imperial stations an inquiry be held to investigate the extraordinary procedure of the Post Office, and elicit on whose guilty shoulders lay the responsibility for their attitude with regard to the Imperial chain of stations. There was something rotten in the state of the Post Office which demanded investigation. It was a curious fact that, although they had met with so much trouble in their relations with the Post Office, the relations they had throughout had with all the other Government departments remained to-day as they had always been—entirely satisfactory.

Very important discoveries had been made in respect of both wireless telegraphy and telephony in recent times, for which a number of new patents had been taken out and applied for.

The amount of the award was received on Tuesday last. In view of what he had said they did not at present propose to touch it; they proposed to wait a little. They would have to call the shareholders together again ere long to consider some increase in the capital; they had considerable developments in view for which provision must be made; there might be more within the next few weeks. They required a little more time for consideration, and might know better where they stood when they met again in the autumn. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

EVERYBODY'S COLLECTING "JOHN BULL" PEN COUPONS.—See page 18.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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Cpl. H. H. C. (Pontypool).—Our purchase of the *Deutschland* you have "no doubt will prove a sound business deal." That is supposed to be a nasty one" for us.

J. D. (Wandsworth Road, S.W.).—Your plan seems to be to make Carson King of Ulster. Apart from other objections, you might have some difficulty in persuading the right hon. gentleman to exchange his wig for a crown.

SEC. LIEUT. M. D. S. (Manchester).—You are wrong if you suspect us of anti-Jewish prejudice. On the contrary, some members of the race are among our most respected friends—and family connections.

"A COMMON SOLDIER" (Maidenhead).—We have every sympathy with your contention, but don't be too sure you would have been better off under a Labour Government. That's guessing, isn't it?

"VICTOR" (Westminster).—"Oh, for business men in the Government!" Certainly, but not all railway directors.

E. T. (Inverkeithing).—"When a policeman returns to the force, his years of war service count towards pension." Quite right. "When a soldier or sailor joins the police force, his war service does not count." It is a pretty point, well worthy of consideration.

F. E. (Hitchin).—There is no donation for anybody, however innocent, out of work through a strike. As we have said, this is one of the horrors of the strike weapon.

C. C. (Horsham).—"You are the ideal Labour Party leader." Another little job for our spare time. Wonder if Snillie would come to heel?

E. E. S. (Blandford).—First your employer "got you out of the army," and now he "gets you the sack." Have you thought of re-joining? It's not half bad now, for a single chap.

"B." (Tottenham).—"My fellow-worker, who lost a leg at Mons, was presented with his medal last week, and also, with his discharge from the factory." Not a Government factory, was it? Because—"Don't Pity the Disabled Soldier. Find him a job!"

"DORA" (Poole).—Shocked to hear that your locality is "a happy hunting ground for joy-rides at Government expense." But really nice girls don't do it, do they, pet?

M. C. (Southend).—Your friend must not be disappointed if we do not publish his article. We are served by some of the world's best writers, whose industrious labours are among the marvels of creation.

R. H. (Upper Tooting).—Evidently the profiteering scandal in your neighbourhood has a comprehensive range. Are welks up?

"ACE" (B.E.F., Germany).—"Photo of shop, in Bonn, Germany, shows signboard: 'Joh-Buhl.'" Interesting—but Joh does not come from our byre.

A. S. (Bury).—"Send me a thorough explanation as to what Bolshevism is." Can't send it, but can tell you in one word: Madness.

C. G. (Alderney).—So you think the farmers of Alderney are "the most successful profiteers." What would be their average figure for a couple of broad beans?

E. N. W. N. (Brixham).—We can well imagine your "horror" at finding you had been swindled. Judge of our stupefaction on receipt of the news.

"RESIDENT" (Vange).—We can think of many more fitting memorials to the fallen than "a drinking fountain near the public house." Whose sloppy idea was that?

MRS. E. W. (St. Leonards).—Thanks for picture of the ex-Kaiser arriving in Hell. How gentlemanly the Devil looks in comparison, doesn't he?

W. M. (Liverpool).—"A chip-potato shop may sell up to midnight: a cooked-meat shop must stop at 8." Your comments confirm our view that early closing is very much a matter of chance.

J. H. (Islington).—Sorry you have been kept waiting so long for your new suit of clothes. Was it you we saw in Piccadilly in pyjamas?

"EX-TOMMY" (Bognor).—Accept our apologies for not publishing your paragraph. There wasn't a corner the blamed thing would fit.

E. F. G. (Bristol).—We note that you can tell us all about the birth of the ex-Kaiser, but fear the details of that tragedy would be of little interest to our readers.

MAJOR W. M. C. (Westerham).—That's all very well, but how many people would be prepared to deposit £100 to take a dog away for the summer holidays? Is your real name Rothschild?

J.H.S. (Sparkbrook), "APPRENTICE" (Fleetwood) and OTHERS.—Any firm which stopped pay on Peace Day was mean, if the word is strong enough. But apprentices are silly to strike till they get it. They lose more, and that's cutting off the nose, etc.

G. W. S. (Torquay).—"Why should there be any strikes?" Ask us an easier one—such as, When is a mouse if it spins? or, Why does a herring and a half cross the road?

A. T. (Tonbridge).—From the saucy look of your pink notepaper, we judge you to be "one of the boys."

PTE. F. B. (Rochester).—"Hoping you will use your influence to get the Munition Girl recognised." We fancy the majority of the munition girls contrive to get themselves recognised without our influence.

"ONE JUST BACK FROM KÖLN" (Great Yarmouth).—Sorry to hear "thousands" of returned men are selling German razors. Our barber is not a buyer; he sticks to Sheffield.

H. S. P. (Blofield).—It is an insult to the British nation for any newspaper to suggest that, given similar circumstances, we should have acted the same as the German sailors did at Scapa Flow.

"A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART" (Brockley).—"Kindly thank the authorities for providing hooks on soldiers' tunics; very useful for hanging on to when you have your arm round a soldier's waist." Seems a matter of getting hooked, or taking your hook. But no doubt you know best.

"INSURANCE AGENT" (Middlesex).—Your proposals for Divorce Law Reform shall be duly considered. Don't be surprised if you become unpopular with the clergy.

H. C. A. (Stockport).—Loyal Englishwomen married to Germans have our sympathy. In fact, we once devoted a whole article to them, and got sworn at for our pains.

"WAR WIDOW" (East Ham).—Sorry we cannot give you permission to marry your late husband's brother, but as soon as the law is altered we will let you know.

W. B. (Boston).—So the lady was reminded of the sugar she wanted for jam-making by hearing the parson's text, "By their fruits ye shall know them." How sweet!

MR. C. G. (Edinburgh).—"I have accomplished the feat of sun dying myself to make myself capable of meeting any lady or girl in Scotland in a contest. No one has took any interest in my case and I am eyed in the street. I think I am entitled to something in the nature of a prize of some description." We award you, at your own expense, two bawbees and one bannock. Also, if walking down the Strand, one banana.

C. J. (Sheffield).—No more humorous riddles, please. They lacerate our duodenum.

"ONE WHO HAS DONE HIS BIT" (Herefordshire).—The picture palace proprietor who could not find room for the bath-chair of a disabled soldier deserves to have all the room in the house to himself.

"CANADIAN SERGEANT" (Surrey).—"I hope you will allow me the privilege of writing you." That's all my eye, when you know we can't stop you.

C. C. (New Cross).—We should need evidence of your assertion before rushing into print. No flies on us, old son.

C. S. (Knocktopher).—"Fight on, beaten but not conquered!" Who do you suppose has been beating us? We can't find a mark, and we certainly have not been Knocktopher!

F. G. (Dubbo, N.S.W., Aust.).—"I am glad to see you are back in Parliament." You must have powerful eyesight to see all that distance.

"SCEPTICAL" (Cheshire).—"Look into the doings of advertising sporting prophets. This is one of the burning questions, and if a little light could be thrown upon it——." Waste of fire to throw light on burning things. And waste of money to throw it to those gentry.

F. P. (Beeston).—Will we support a strong local protest against the return of an undesirable German? You can bet your boots we will support any protest against any return of any such person.

REV. W. G. (Woolston).—"Printer's Pie" is for funny misprints. If you will point out the humour in a simple wrong date, we will think about that 2s. 6d.

"A TRUSTING WOMAN" (London).—Deserted for 10 years by husband, who has maintained neither you nor his children. Yours is a strong case for quick alteration of the Divorce laws.

R. W. (Deptford).—Not a bad notion to have the names of local Conchies permanently exhibited in public, but perhaps after all the skunks are best forgotten.

"HIT" (Wembley Hill).—Sorry no room to cheek the Railway Company. Suggest you curse them privately.

"ONE OF THEM" (Shipley).—We note that you served all day on a jury at Leeds for "the price of a pint." Some prisoners are still less grateful for the services of twelve good men.

"W.A.A.C." (Grantham).—Fancy having to get out of bed so early! Might save time in the mornings if you slept in your uniform.

W. R. B. (Richmond).—Glad you approve of our purchase of the *Deutschland*. Now we don't care for anybody.

"FAIR PLAY" (Glasgow).—"How can one live?" Quite so, and it is worse if there are two.

"MAC" (Dundee).—Spend your holiday with your sweetheart by all means. Only a nasty-minded person would suggest that it would be improper for you both to stay at the same boarding house.

"HADRIAN" (Tunbridge Wells).—We note that you explained to the Chancellor of the Exchequer why you could not subscribe to the Victory Loan. Strange that he never mentioned it in the House of Commons.

J. W. W. (Widnes).—We agree that the composition of the Sankey Commission was open to serious objection. It upset you, for one.

A. H. (Colchester).—We were interested in the letter from the "black cadger" who sent "a thousand kisses to you and all your sisters." That "Catholic Mission" at Anamobol where he was "raised" must be hot stuff.

H. W. W. (Colchester).—Bowen, of Bond Street, seems dying to lend you money, but why call it a "fatherly" offer? We diagnose a "Yes, Uncle!" touch about it.

H. A. (Kilburn).—"If we workers will settle down, cultivate a calm and restful spirit . . . in 18 months there will be 20s. worth to a sovereign." Just now a quid is hardly worth borrowing, is it?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

LIKE CHARLEY'S AUNT ——!

32, STANLEY STREET
SOUTHSEA.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing this with a "John Bull" Fountain Pen, with the original nib obtained from you in 1913. I gave it two years' hard office work, and since then it has seen strenuous war service in France and Flanders. Like Charley's Aunt, it is still running, and I consider it has had a rattling good test.

Yours, etc., F. W. GOULD.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address: Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*August 16th, 1919.*)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

BRITISH GLASS INDUSTRIES, LTD.
Valuable Interests Acquired.

An extraordinary general meeting of British Glass Industries, Ltd., was held on August 7th, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., for the purpose of increasing the capital of the company. Mr C. Williamson Milne presided.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, owing to the indisposition of our chairman, Mr. Clarence C. Hatry, I have been unexpectedly called upon to take the chair at this meeting. Mr. Hatry has for several months past devoted himself, by night as well as by day, to the work of this company, and he would have been able to give you in much greater detail information as to our progress and prospective developments than I can hope to be able to give from the few notes with which he has furnished me. No business man who gives the subject a moment's thought can fail to be impressed with the imperative necessity for reviving and maintaining every branch of industry which can be successfully carried on in this country at the present time. For many years past the manufacture of glass and glassware has been very largely in the hands of foreigners. This company, as you know, was originally formed for the purpose of taking over two factories—one at Leeds, and the other at Canning Town, London—in order to develop on a much larger scale the process of making bottles, jars, and other glass ware by automatic machinery, which had already been successfully carried out at these two places.

Great extensions and developments have taken place at the works at Canning Town, where it was originally intended to instal twenty furnaces with a weekly capacity of about fifty to sixty tons each. This programme was subsequently slightly modified by a decision of the directors to instal ten furnaces of a larger type, the output of which would be equivalent to that contemplated from the original twenty. Our object in calling the shareholders together to-day is to increase our capital by a further 300,000 shares of £1 each, and we propose to offer the new shares, share for share, to the existing shareholders, at the price of £2 10s. per share, that is to say, at a premium of 30s., thereby raising for the company the additional capital sum of £750,000, less underwriting commission. The new capital, in addition to provision for further working capital, is being raised for the purpose of acquiring some extremely valuable interests, and as it was necessary for the directors to be sure that the funds were immediately available, as a matter of policy they decided to have the whole issue underwritten, so that we are absolutely sure of our money.

We have secured the whole of the shares of the Queenborough Glass Bottle Works, Ltd., and the business of the British and Foreign Bottle Co., both of which companies have had a most successful career. The earnings from these companies alone at the present time, and under present conditions, would, if fully distributed, be sufficient to provide a substantial dividend on the present share capital of British Glass Industries, Ltd., and it is confidently expected that with the installation of our latest automatic machines, which have been ordered for the Queenborough Works, these profits will be considerably increased in the future.

Basing the profits of the company on those made at similar works in Belgium—works operating, I may say, under more difficult conditions than exist here—the annual revenue which should be derived from our holding in this company alone should amount to £100,000 after completion of the works, which are to be laid down in the neighbourhood of our own works at Queenborough. This expectation is based on the operation of one unit only, whereas it will be seen by a reference to the prospectus of the British Window Glass Co., Ltd., that it is the intention of that company to increase their works eventually, when their profits, in which we shall share, should be still further augmented.

WATNEY, COMBE, REID & CO.

Presiding at the meeting of Watney, Combe, Reid and Co., Ltd., held at the Charing Cross Hotel on August 8th, Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor said he had little to say about the balance-sheet; they put all their goods in the shop window, and the accounts and report showed the financial position. They had during the year redeemed and cancelled £250,000 Debentures and in round numbers £84,000 of Preference Stock. For the first time they had separated the beer duty from the sundry creditors, and showed the figures due for three months. The Government now gave them three months' credit, so that the figures shown covered April, May, and June, April being under the old duty and May and June under the increased duty. They also estimated that the amount for which they were liable for beer duty in the current year was £2,500,000. A financial critic had been good enough to say that the directors had put a note of warning in the report. The Government in May or June came to the conclusion that it was necessary to meet the demands for more and better beer, and they gave notice they were going to remove restrictions on the output of beer in July. The Government was extremely optimistic; they thought that while the beer would go up abnormally there would be a corresponding profit to the brewer and retailer. They said they would also raise the gravity while they would leave the retail price alone, thus diverting any profit from increased sales to the Exchequer. Government was not so optimistic to-day, but judging from Mr. Chamberlain's speech of the previous day, was becoming more pessimistic about the future. The fact was that of the fourpence per pint charged for beer, more than twopence went to the Exchequer, just half a farthing was the brewer's profit, and without going into the licensed victuallers' expenses, the licensed victualler's profit was ¼d. They had again added to the sum put aside for deferred maintenance and contingencies, bringing it up to £600,000. The balance was a good one, and they were able to declare a final dividend of 18 per cent., making 24 per cent. for the year.

The report was unanimously adopted.

RHEUMATISM.
Special Offer to Sufferers
FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE OF
"ODDS ON" OILS.

"Odds On" Oils rubbed into the painful part will effect instant relief and cure. They impart softness and freedom to the joints.

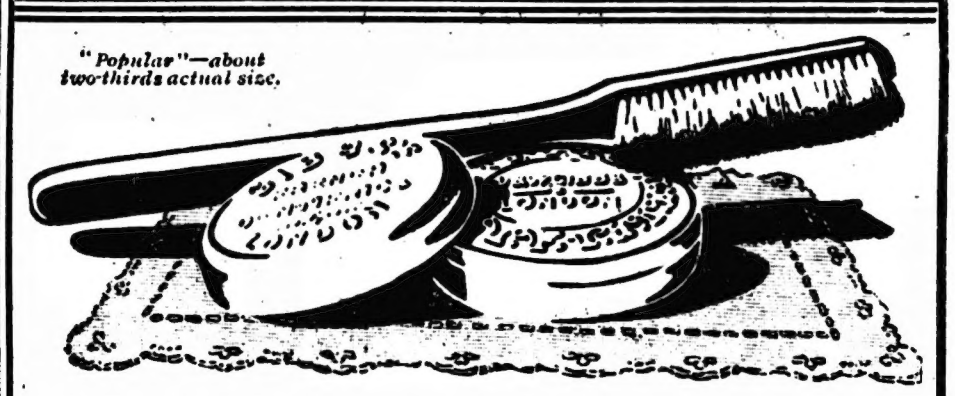
SAMPLE FREE

So sure are the proprietors of the value of "Odds On" Oils that they are making a special offer of a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, post paid.

Do not suffer for ger helpless. On sale at BOOTS' 550 Branches, TIMOTHY WHITE'S, and all good Stores and Chemists, in 1/3, and 3/- bottles (family size, 6/-) sent direct post free on receipt of 1.6, 3 6 or 5.6 from

"ODDS ON" SPECIFICS CO., LTD.,
(Dept. J.B.) 36 and 37, Cock Lane,
London, E.C.

"THE PILL THAT WON THE WAR"
(MILD) No. 9 (MILD)
A PROVEN REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS & LIVER COMPLAINTS.
Ask your Chemist for a box to-day.
Sole Proprietors:
LESTER, LOCKWOODS, Ltd.,
94 and 96, Cannon St., London, E.C.4
Price 1/3 post free. Mail Order Dept. J.



The Original Foaming Dentifrice
Efficient · Economical · Convenient

THERE is scientific method in the antiseptic foam of Gibbs Dentifrice. It penetrates to where the decay germs gather and tartar forms—the tiny interstices which the tooth brush never reaches. It prevents decay, cleans the teeth, keeps the gums healthy and preserves the enamel; feels "like a breeze in the mouth."

The dainty, solid cake of Gibbs Dentifrice in its aristocratic Aluminium Box is neither messy nor wasteful. You use as much as you want to use. There is nothing to spill or squeeze out.

Gibbs Dentifrice satisfactorily answers the question, how to have and keep sound teeth. Its efficiency, economy and convenience give it an unique place among dentifrices.

Popular Size, 6d., De Luxe Size, 1/3
(Refills for De Luxe size only, 10d.)

Ask your Chemist to Show you
Gibbs Dentifrice

GIBBS TOILET SERIES

	s.	d.
Gibbs Cold Cream Soap, per Tablet		7
,, ,, ,, ,, per Box of 3 Tablets	1	9
Gibbs Dentifrice, Popular Size		6
,, ,, De Luxe (large size)	1	3
,, ,, De Luxe Refills (large size)		10
Gibbs Dental Cream (Crescent Ribbon Tubes)	1	3
Gibbs Wind-sifted Talcum Powder, in Flasks	1	0
Gibbs Shaving Soap, Nickel Holders	1	3
,, ,, ,, Enamelled Holders, 7d. &	1	0
,, ,, ,, In Cakes	1	3
Gibbs Cold Cream Foam, in Jars	1	0
Gibbs Complexion Cream, in Tubes	1	0
Gibbs Shampoo Powders, box of five 3d. powders	1	0

A Free Gift for You
from D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. B13)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1

We will forward to you as a Free Gift a full size 1/- Jar of Gibbs Cold Cream Foam (a Vanishing Cream), or a 1/- Flask of Gibbs Talcum Powder (whichever you prefer), provided you send us the name and address of any chemist in the United Kingdom who does not stock either our Cold Cream Soap or Dentifrice. Enclose 7d. in stamps for the Soap, or 6d. for the Dentifrice which you have been unable to obtain, your name and address, and the chemist's name and address, and we will forward it direct to you together with the free gift mentioned above.

'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES

LAST FEW WEEKS

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12-12/- EACH

FIRST PRIZE £250

10 WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6-6/- EACH

2ND Prize £25

3RD Prize £15

25 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 FREE TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: EXAMPLE:—DRINKING TEA. Bullet:—EVERYBODY IS PUSSYFOOT SUCCESS. EXAMPLE:—WE ALL ENJOY. Bullet:—DAY WITHOUT STRIKE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 6th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 343.

DEALING WITH STRIKERS	BLACK OUTLOOK	NOW SHOWING	DON'T TRUST
LEARNING THEIR LESSON	THANKS TO SMILLIE	OUR BEST FRIEND	WE ALL ENJOY
SEASIDE BOARDING-HOUSE	IN HIGH SOCIETY	CAN'T GET OFF	IDLE GOSSIP
MOST COMFORTING WHEN	HOW TO SUCCEED	AFTER MARRIAGE	KEEPING TOMMY
MAKES BOTTOMLEY TALK	UNSETTLED	THE ONLY WAY	A RARE GIFT
FOOLING THE PEOPLE	GERMANY EXPECTS	TROUBLE	DRINKING TEA
THE KAISER'S DEFENCE	A GOOD HARVEST	FREE AND EASY	WON'T PAY
SHOCKING PROFITEER	ON THE QUIET	GOING TO MARKET	THE RIGHT GIRL

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 21st.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(343) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 21st.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(343) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 343. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 21st.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(343) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 21st.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(343) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 344.

WITHOUT A STRIKE—SUCCESSFUL MAN—RAGING—WORKING WELL—SHOULD BE ABOLISHED—HAPPY MEMORIES—OUR MASTERS—NEXT TO NOTHING—WASTING MONEY—SHORT SKIRTS—FEATHERING HIS NEST—THINKING FURIOUSLY—STUFF AND NONSENSE—LABOUR LEADERS—HITTING HOME—DOWN AND OUT—ONLY KID—NO FOOL—ASKING FOR IT—DRY ROT.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Aug. 28th.** All coupons **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **344** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **344**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition **343.**

List of the Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 340 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 340th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. C. H. HARRISON,
27, Market Street, Warrington.

Example:—RICH MAN.
Bullet:—THROUGH "STICKING TO IT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. R. DICK.
24, Cockerell St., Walton Rd., Liverpool.

Example:—THE WRONG WAY.
Bullet:—WE'RE "FACING" DISASTER.

THIRD PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. WILLIAM H. GILLARD.
41, Embankment Rd., Plymouth.

Example:—A GOOD TONIC.
Bullet:—FOR ALIENS—"FRESH AIR."

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12 12s. EACH:

MR. GEO. C. BOYCE, 48, New Park St., Devizes: HER BATHING DRESS—SHOWS SHE'S "ALL THERE."

MR. G. STIRLING, 59, Armstrong St., Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston: GETTING COAL—"LESS AND LESS" CERTAIN. (Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon).

MR. W. CAIN, 29, Nairn St., Poplar, E.: BOTTOMLEY'S PEN—"FIRST FIGHTER" WAR ENLISTED.

MR. R. DAVIS, 5, Smithy Place, Wavertree, L'pool: THE NEW WORLD—TRIPLE ALLIANCE THINKS "THEIRS."

MR. H. BIRCHALL, 22, Blythe St., Everton, L'pool: WHEN TOMMY'S DONE—OFFER "STOOL," NOT "ARMCHAIR."

MRS. A. E. LOCKTON, 57, Healy St., South Wigston, Leicestershire: THE WRONG WAY—PESSIMIST THINKS "PERMANENT" ONE.

MR. A. WILLIAMS, 141, Upper Lewes Rd., Brighton: THE BREWERS—OF TROUBLE—INTOXICATE LABOUR.

MR. W. D. TRAVLER, 19, Victoria House, South Lambeth, S.W.: TAKES SOME BEATING—BUSINESS TOMMY "MANAGED ABROAD."

MR. W. HENSHAW, Holbrook, Derby: KEEPING WATCH—IN HAND—WORKMEN NEXT.

MR. E. H. ISAACS, 20, Bartholomew St., Exeter: ROSEBERY—OBTAINING ANYTHING SMILLIE HASN'T.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6 6s. EACH:

MR. GEORGE BRAUND, Milton Rd., Ware: TRYING TO MASTER—"FRENCH" GERMANS FORGOT "ENGLISH."

MRS. ANNIE GREENWOOD, Knight's Farm, Appley Bridge, Wigan: A GOOD TONIC—"PUSSYFOOT" TO OUR CRANES.

MR. A. E. BARTLETT, Repair Depôt, Invergordon: RICH MAN—AT EMIGRATION OFFICES SHORTLY.

MR. THOMAS YOUD, Waverton, Chester: THE NEW WORLD—"LABOUR" PROMISES, WORK BRINGS.

MR. A. STREET, 36, Meadow Rd., Salisbury: DEALING WITH PROFITEERS—THEIR MIDIS SACRED, APPARENTLY.

MR. F. C. E. PLATT, 3, Petch St., Stockton-on-Tees: IN LONDON—GRUNDY IMAGINES ALL SIN.

MR. WILLIAM DOYLE, 89, Neilston Rd., Paisley: TEETOTAL CAMPAIGN—THE FIRST PEACE JOKE.

MR. A. R. MARSHALL, 106, Holsworthy Sq., W.: London, W.C.: ROSEBERY — RESPECTABLE WHEN LABELLED "PATRIOTISM."

MR. H. A. SMITH, 66, Elgin St., Hereford: UP AND DOING—PLAIN MAN'S MAIN PLAN.

MR. E. MILLS, 1a, Arlesford Rd., Stockwell, S.W.: BEHIND BARS — AMERICA THINKS IRELAND APPARENTLY.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. _____ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

Aug. 16, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 36, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

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Aug. 16, 1919. .....

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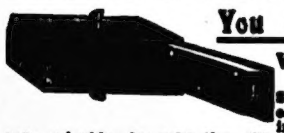

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MILTON

Get a Bottle to-day.

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It is a great vitaliser. It builds up, through the brain, the whole nerve system. It makes work a pleasure. It

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It is free from strychnine or any poisonous ingredient. It is no quack preparation. It is made up from the prescription of a great Brain Specialist. It is

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(In STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind, and Gas-rising, White Coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc.; while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS. Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him and that his words are true.

Now Read Mr. David's Words.

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Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

16,000 BRITISH DOCTORS have taken up Cicfa. Very many of them have written us privately of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use. When thousands of British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can proceed to take it at once. Purchase from your Chemist (**all Chemists sell Cicfa at 1s. 3d. and 3s.**), **or, if there is delay, from us,** on receipt of Postal Order.

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J.B., 16/8/19

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